

Zion's Herald.

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is the first American Methodist publisher. In Rev. Dr. Warren's essay before the Convention he gave a fact that adds new laurels to this famous American. In 1740, fifty years before the Book Concern was born in the mind, and for a long time carried in the will of James Dickens; before Embury and Barbara Heek had begun their organizing church work; when New England was formally a unit on the doctrines of Calvin, Benjamin Franklin sent forth edition after edition of John Wesley's sermon on Free Grace. Had he received the experience of the grace as he did the theory of its freedom, he would have been the father of American Methodism. As it is, he is a sort of father. The church will be glad to learn that he stands in this relation. It only shows how deep was the "felt want" of the world for Methodism when the young Boston printer caught at the words of the young Oxford preacher, and scattered them broadcast over a community that held Episcopacy and Arminianism in equal contempt and horror; and when that demand exhausted edition after edition, it also showed that not his far-seeing mind alone detected the need, but many Bostonians and New Englanders shared his sentiments. Had not the New England ministry of that time ceaselessly branded Arminianism as a false and anti-Christian heresy, the heresy of Unitarianism would have never become so powerfully rooted in our soil. They abjured the truth, and stoned with hard words those who offered it, and thus drove the men who saw the falsehood and horror of unconditional election and reprobation into the counter falsehood of unconditional salvation. The attempt to deprive men of all power of choice resulted in the dogma of his natural ability; and the limitation of Christ's office work to a selected few, caused his rejection as essential to the salvation of any. Let us honor the founder of the Methodist American Publishing house by erecting suitable buildings in the city where John Wesley was first printed this side the ocean, and thus join Wesley, Franklin and Boston in a fitting memorial.

GENERAL GRANT ELECTED PRESIDENT.—The result of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Maine, have concluded the last battle of General Grant. Nothing now remains but the Appomattox Court-house and the graceful surrender of his sword by Mr. Seymour to our ever-conquering leader. Mr. Seymour is as fine a gentleman as Robert E. Lee, and he will as handsomely submit to the fortunes of war. His lieutenant may be more bellicose, but he will turn up on the right side yet. There is a shrewd vein of popular sense in the Blair blood, as there is in the Beecher, though both families are alike in delighting to seem to run counter to the popular current, and thus obtain a reputation for originality which is actually only eccentricity. He will not improbably become yet an extreme radical, the Ben Butler of the South and the slave. The country will rejoice at the settlement of this great controversy on the principles of the equality and fraternity of all men. Wendell Phillips well said that the negro elected General Grant President, as the slave elected Abraham Lincoln. It is a vast stride from the slave to the man.

Four years ago no one would have thought that this campaign would have turned on the political amalgamation of blacks and whites. But God pushes us forward faster than we wish to go. He compels us to denounce the Georgia programme in its legislation and its massacres, which is only in another shape the Ohio and Connecticut programme that refused to base suffrage on manhood, and which is only the inevitable fruit of the American sentiment of caste yet too deeply rooted, but soon to be torn up and cast forth as an accursed branch. "For every plant that my heavenly Father hath not planted," says the divine One, "shall be rooted up." This election is a mighty power to that end. The Massachusetts Methodist Convention received the tidings with enthusiasm, and all joined in singing lustily "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and in a devout utterance of gratitude and thanksgiving to God from the Rev. Dr. Coggeshall. All the country will feel like gratitude and joy. Even those who have opposed General Grant, South and North, will rejoice in his election. For it brings national unity, universal peace and true democracy, or the government of the people by the people and for the people. Let them hasten at the coming Ides to enroll themselves in his favor. Let no one leave it as a stigma upon his children and children's children that he opposed the election of the Washington of to-day, the second and greater savior of his country. Let it rather be his boast that he recognized and honored these eminent services by contributing to his elevation to the supreme chair of State. As his defeat is impossible, every opponent should immediately array himself on the side of God and his native land, and give his vote and heart to the incoming national administrator of peace in righteousness.

SPAIN is rapidly following Italy. It breaks forth like the South American Earthquake, in a complete overturn of all its old state of things. The Liberal Junta that held the government have abolished the Jesuit order and seized their property. Loyola has come to an end where he made his bad beginning. Luther receives the grandest monument ever dedicated to any man the very same year that his papal rival is torn up by the roots and cast forth from the land where he wrought out his most anti-Christian policy. They have also suppressed all religious institutions, meaning monasteries and nunneries, and have also permitted the erection of a Protestant church. None too early. The Government has abolished slavery as to those who are born after this date, proclaimed universal suffrage, liberty of the press, general education, free trade, and freedom in religion. It thus leads all European States, and even America. If it is sustained it will again lead the world, this time in the right direction. The Pope's oecumenical council was not called a moment too soon. It will be convened a good many moments too late. It looks now as if he might not have a Papal country left, as he already acknowledges he has not a Papal prince. Austria has deserted him. Spain is up in arms against him. Italy is excommunicated, and Napoleon he knows cares as little for him as for the king of Brentford. It is not impossible that he may not even have Rome or the Vatican for a place of assemblage. New York is the only faithful Roman Catholic city left. Its abominable magistracy should offer the City Hall for his oecumenical council. They must hasten in this invitation, or the Water Street revival may even redeem that seat of Satan unto God.

MASSACHUSETTS OCEAN NAVIGATION.—The Legislature took a step last winter towards reviving the commercial relations of Boston by authorizing the railroads of the State to tax themselves for the support of a European line. The stockholders of the Boston and Albany line have rejected the proposition almost unanimously. They show thereby an almost unanimity of folly and unthrift. It is of the same spirit that made them resist every attempt to consolidate their roads until the State compelled them to do it. One of these very wise men said this ocean navigation had no more to do with their railroad than shoe-pegging; so little

does he appreciate his position. The steamship to England is as essential to the road as was a ferry boat across the Hudson till they made a bridge. It is a part of the connection. Until this is done, that road is only half, is not half accomplishing its work. The next step should be for the State to buy up the Western road and issue its own bonds on that road for the steamships. The owners of this road are conferring no favor on the public by their proprietorship. It should become the property of the State. The time is coming when railroads will no more be owned by individuals than our county roads. Turnpikes are obsolete in this region, fare-takers may be. Already a proposition is put forth in England to buy up the railroads and send passengers as letters are now sent to any part of the kingdom for a stamp varying from threepence to a shilling, according to the rate. One may yet go himself to San Francisco, as well as send his letter and telegram, for a three cent postage. The next legislature should issue State bonds for these steamships. It does it for every sort of a railroad, let it do it for that which is essential to their development, and will vastly increase the value in the Atlantic ferry boat.

THE English Marriage Laws are being codified. The commissioners shun the department of interdicted relations. They, however, make some important suggestions. They open the door to all ministers to celebrate marriages, requests the abolition of the restriction which now requires all marriages to be performed between 8 and 12 A.M.—a bad thing one would think in America, where evening weddings are so popular—and especially ask that the legal requirement of any fee or tax of any sort for this service be abolished.

"It would," say the Commissioners, "in our opinion, be highly desirable, that the exaction of fees and compulsory payments of every kind for the solemnization of marriage, or for the fulfillment of any preliminary conditions of marriage prescribed by the State, should be wholly abolished; that no stamp duty should be imposed upon any certificate, notice, or other document required by law for the purpose of marriage; and that postage should not be chargeable on any official documents passing through the post in compliance with the provisions of the law of marriage."

That is ahead of us, and may be worthy of our consideration. No obstacle of fee should be put in the way of entering matrimony or the church. These holy estates should be without such impediment. Let it be left to the recipients of these favors to express their gratitude as their means allow. It is more needed in England, where fees are high, and the consequent concubinage is prevalent among the poorest classes; but the principle is right everywhere. It is a great step towards the voluntary system in religion, and will be bitterly opposed by the Church and State men for this proclivity.

THE First Church of Boston have nearly finished a very attractive edifice on the new lands. It has on its front and one of its sides, the cloistered arch of clusters of two small columns of polished Aberdeen granite supporting deep recessed vestibules. A hollow driveway for carriages passes through the base of the tower. It has four high and not large windows filled with the best painted glass. On these windows it sought to get the duty, which was very heavy, removed, but failed. This was not right. Some said, if they get this privilege the Romanists will. Let them. The churches are all free from taxation. So should such material as this be free if they import it. So should all books. Even if the scurrilous, the profane and the heretical shall gain something by it, truth will gain by far the more. This church is semi-evangelical. Its windows and mottoes are full of Christ, though not of Christ crucified. It will probably be closed as soon as finished, as its neighbor is, and all the rest of our Protestant churches. So if one would see it, he must go soon. It says "no admittance" now. It will do it then.

THE reign of terror still prevails all over the South. On Saturday last, the sheriff and parish judge of St. Mary's, Louisiana, were murdered at Franklin in that State, and assassinations of negroes and Union men occurred in various other parts. They are beginning to mutter similar threats against Grant should he be elected; such vaporings will only help on that desirable issue.

OCTOBER.

Out in the woods of October
What is it whispers to me?
Is it some voluble Dryad
Leaf-hid in a neighboring tree?
Or, sounding far over the meadows,
Is it the voice of the sea?
Is it the sigh of the Maple,
Bleeding at every vein?
Or passes the Birch into glory
Saint-like, with a murmur of pain?
Or, off on invisible mountains,
Is it the sound of the rain?
Nay, for a worshipful silence
Broods o'er the land and the sea,
While Heaven's full chrism of splendor
Falls mutely on thicket and tree;
Not a sound, not a breath, in the woodland,
Yet something still whispers to me.
Whispers of rest after labor,
Whispers of peace for my pain,
When Love its lost dream shall recover,
Nor breathe its sweet passion in vain;
And Life, like the lilies of Eden,
Shall bloom without shadow or stain.

NELSON STUTSON.

HOW EARTHQUAKES BEHAVE.

A brief description of the various kinds of earthquakes,—as manifested in their duration, direction, intensity, &c., may not be uninteresting just now.

Slight vibrating shocks. We often see it stated in the newspapers that the "shock" of an earthquake was experienced in this or that neighborhood. There could be no mistake as to the character of the disturbance, for the vibration was felt at the same moment in various parts of the town, or in various towns in the same district. But it was so slight, perhaps, that it might easily have been mistaken for the fall of some heavy body near by, producing a momentary tremor in the dwelling, with a perceptible jar among the crockery, or a faint tingle of the door-bell. Shocks of this nature have been observed very recently in Canada, in Maine, and in the Western part of the State of New York. They are sometimes traceable to more violent convulsions in distant parts, but frequently their origin and operation are purely local.

Undulatory Shocks. These are more demonstrative and unmistakable than the foregoing. A wave or undulation is propagated through the earth in a horizontal direction. It leaves so distinct an impression upon the sensation that individuals many miles apart agree as to its line of march. The distinctive effects of this class of earthquakes are of course variable; from a mere crack in the plastering to the fall of a church spire or of the entire edifice. It is usual for a number of such shocks, or undulations, to follow each other in pretty quick succession, the last of which is commonly the most intense and dangerous. The whole may take place in a few seconds, or may continue for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Subterranean noises may precede, accompany, or follow such shocks; and may resemble the clanking of chains, the report of distant artillery, or the peculiarities of a thunderstorm. In many instances, however, there is no sound at all.

Tremblings of the earth. In countries that are subject to these commotions they sometimes experience what may be termed *ague-fits* of the earth—a continuous vibration for days, or even weeks together. The table on which you write will tremble as if affected by machinery at work beneath you. The sensations arising therefrom are very disagreeable, and in most respects resemble sea-sickness,—vertigo, nausea, and the like.

Subterranean Thunder. Instances have occurred in which the most frightful bellowsings have come up from the bowels of the earth, for twenty or thirty days successively, unaccompanied by any perceptible motion. A case of this kind happened at Guanajuato (Mexico), in 1784. It began on the 9th of January, at midnight, and continued till the 11th of the following month. The terrified inhabitants fled from the city, and sought shelter in the open country; while the beasts of the field and domestic animals ran to and fro in the wildest confusion. The noise ceased gradually as it had commenced.

Vertical Earthquakes. These are produced by a force acting in a linear direction from beneath, as if from an explosion in some immense cavern at a great distance below the surface. There is no warning, and the devastating effects are wide-spread and awful. The earth opens her ponderous jaws. Entire cemeteries are projected high into the air, commingling the dead with the living. A canopy of sulphurous clouds overshadows the scene. Flames of fire issue from the ground; columns of mud and water, black as ink, sometimes boiling, ascend from the yawning fissures. New islands, several hundred feet high, are formed in the sea; old headlands and promontories are submerged; and huge

waves rolling in from the ocean overwhelm the remains of towns and villages.

Circular Earthquakes. There are cases on record in which the motion of the disrupted strata of the earth have taken a gyratory or circular form. Of all earthquakes this is said to be the most destructive and terrible. Prodigious masses of the earth's crust are made to revolve by this Titanic force round a common centre. Mountains of granite have literally chased each other in a circle, filling whole valleys with their fragments, and reversing the features of the surrounding country. Fertile plains have been suddenly raised into conical elevations thousands of feet high, and lurid streams of boiling lava have taken the place of cornfields and gardens. Towns and villages with their myriads of inhabitants have been literally swallowed up, or ground to powder in an instant, leaving nothing for the eye to rest upon but ruin and desolation.

The foregoing attempt to classify in a popular form the dynamic and other effects produced by forces in the outer crust of our planet, and known under the general name of earthquakes,—may enable the reader to judge of the character of the disturbance when perusing accounts such as those we are now receiving from the southern portions of this continent. The details of the catastrophe we have not yet received, but sufficient is known to show that the shocks were for the most part vertical, and of the highest intensity.

THE HAKLUIT PAPERS.

Ex-President Woods, of Bowdoin College, has just returned from a tour of historical research in Europe, under the authority of the Marine Historical Society, bringing with him various maps of voyages, and other documents relating to the early settlement of North America, which have never been published, and which will be considered a valuable addition to the history of this country. Among these recovered papers is the "lost work" of Richard Hakluit, a distinguished historian of voyages and discoveries in the reign of Elizabeth. This work of Hakluit is alluded to in some of the earlier English annals, but has hitherto eluded the search even of the Hakluit Society, formed in 1846, for the special purpose of gathering up and publishing the history of early voyages and discoveries.

Shrewd management and good luck put Dr. Woods upon the track of this lost document; and through the friendly offices of an excellent Methodist lady of London, he procured a copy, with a fac simile of the title page. The work was written in 1580, in twenty-one chapters, addressed to Queen Elizabeth. The object of this work was to impress upon the British Government the importance of adopting prompt measures to encourage the establishment of Protestant colonies in North America, and especially in Norembega, a name applied somewhat vaguely to that part of Maine lying east of Casco Bay. The motive which led the early voyagers so thoroughly to explore our Northeastern coast, was the hope of finding, through some of the broad inlets of this coast, a northwesterly passage to China. Hakluit saw with almost prophetic insight the immense importance of securing the vast territory to the interests of Protestant Christianity. These newly-discovered works are in course of publication, under the auspices of the Maine Historical Society, and will form a part of the valuable "collections" of this useful Society.

Dr. Woods speaks in very high terms of the Wesleyan clergymen of London, with several of whom he says he formed a pleasant acquaintance, and whom he regards as men of superior culture and Christian excellence. He also speaks highly of our Professor Hurst, of the Methodist Theological School, with whom he became acquainted in Berlin. Dr. Woods is eminently qualified for historical research, and it is to be hoped that he may devote his eminent talents still further to the education of our national history.

UNIVERSALISM vs. THE BIBLE.

Rev. Albert Barnes, in a letter to Gerritt Smith, published in the *American Presbyterian*, thus shows the difficulty of being a Universalist and a Bible believer at the same time:

I could not embrace that system, with my views of the proper rules of interpreting language, without giving up the Bible altogether. The Bible does not teach the doctrine of the salvation of all men. It can never be made to teach that doctrine by a proper interpretation of language. If the Bible teaches anything clearly; if words have any meaning; if there are any proper rules of interpreting language, the Bible teaches the doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked, and it cannot be made to teach otherwise. You have referred to my creed, as if I held some peculiar creed. I hold just what the mass of men have held; what ninety-nine men out of every hundred have held; what all men—Christians and infidels—except the small class who call themselves Universalists, have held, that the Bible teaches that the wicked will be punished forever in the

future world. I take the liberty of saying that the doctrine of the future eternal punishment of the wicked is not expressed in stronger or plainer language in the creed to which I have expressed my assent, or any creed held by any Christian church, Catholic, Greek, or Protestant—in the Heidelberg Catechism, in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, in the Westminster Confession, or in any particular creed of any Congregational church, than it is in the Bible. Nay, in almost all these creeds, the doctrine is stated in the very words of the Bible; and if you could convince me that the doctrine is not taught in the Bible, you would at the same time, and by the very same process of reasoning, convince me that it is not taught in any creed in Christendom, and that it is in fact held by no class of mankind. If I were, therefore, to reject the doctrine of the future punishment of the wicked, I should not be a Universalist trying to hold on to the Bible. I should become at once an honest infidel, and would reject the Bible altogether. The infidel is the only consistent man. I think in the view which I take of the fair interpretation of the Bible, that I see the reason why there are so few avowed Universalists as compared with the actual number of infidels in our country, and why it is so difficult to keep up the system of Universalism as an organization. The number of persons in any community who can be made to believe that the Bible inculcates the doctrine of universal salvation must always be small; the number of those who, for various causes, reject it altogether, may be, and probably will be, much larger. Of the two I would be one of the latter, and so the mass of men do judge, and always will judge.—*The American Presbyterian*.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest." How beautiful is this invitation. It asks all, in language simple, yet impressive, to enjoy this rest. Come now. Do not wait; come just as you are, laboring against sin, and heavily laden with a deep, overwhelming sense of your unworthiness. Cast all at the foot of the cross, and call upon Him who has been patiently waiting to help you. Are you tempted? He endured temptation. Have you laid a loved one in the grave? "Jesus wept" when he heard of the death of Lazarus. Jesus is with you in all things; in your joy and in your sorrow. He endured all and suffered all, that you might better understand that perfect love which casteth out fear. How grateful we ought to feel for this invitation, so full of tender love and pitying compassion! When we think of the agony of Gethsemane, and the sufferings of the cross, we ought to prize this invitation, so earnest, so cordial, as the pearl of great price.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.

Some few months since, in the middle of the day, and in the principal thoroughfare, a lady was attacked by a young thief, and her watch was stolen from her. For the moment he escaped, but was afterwards arrested by the police, and identified by the lady. Her evidence before the magistrate was corroborated by a woman who witnessed the robbery. On the witnesses being cross-examined, the solicitor engaged for the defense drew from the lady the statement that she was much agitated at the time, but still she expressed no doubt of the thief's identity. The woman, who had been called as a witness, got confused at this, though she thought she could not be mistaken. The magistrate asked if the prisoner had any witnesses, but the only one he had was his brother, who somewhat resembled him. This youth confessed that he had committed the robbery himself. He stated this so positively that the magistrate believed him, and the prisoner was discharged, the younger brother being sentenced to six months' imprisonment and hard labor. Some admirers of the Jack Sheppard school of chivalry adduced this as corroborating the proverb that there is honor among thieves. But the conclusion was a most erroneous one. It afterwards transpired that the real thief was the one whom the lady had identified, but as he had already been convicted of felony, it was probable that he would have been sentenced to five years' penal servitude, whereas the younger, who had a better character, was certain of getting off with some months' imprisonment, and he deliberately took that punishment on himself to save his brother from the severer penalty.

Two young women of disreputable character resided together in the same house, and had a strong affection for each other. For some crime one of them had committed she was sentenced to several months' imprisonment. During her incarceration she was seized with severe illness, accompanied with inflammation of the eyes. When her punishment was over she left the gaol stone blind, and completely broken down in health. Her friend, who was waiting to receive her, conducted her to her miserable lodging, allowed her to share her bed, and tended her for some time with the greatest kindness and solicitude. At last the parish authorities heard of the case, and the invalid was taken into the workhouse, where she died about a fortnight afterwards. Some ladies, rightly judging that the elements of good must be latent in one who could act in so charitable a manner, determined to attempt her reformation, and succeeded. They then found a situation for her in the country, where she has since remained, conducting herself to the perfect satisfaction of her employers.

The parish surgeon, who is much esteemed by the inhabitants of Kent Street for his kindness even to the

most degraded, was one day called in to see a fever case in one of the worst localities in the district. While on his road there a young thief, who had lately taken up his quarters in the neighbourhood, stole his handkerchief. His visit over, he was on the point of returning, when the thief, who had in the meantime been informed who his victim was, and the object of his mission, politely returned the handkerchief, excusing himself by saying, that he did not know that he was the doctor.

The kindness these poor people, reputable or disreputable, show to orphan children is very great, especially in those cases where the parents, or either of them, have died from fever, or by some accident. And here, it may be remarked, that they have frequent opportunities for practising this virtue, as, irrespective of fever patients who die in their own houses, Kent Street furnishes a comparatively great number of cases to the Fever Hospital than any other locality in London. Many of these poor people will adopt an orphan child rather than allow it to go to the parish. One poor woman was pointed out to us, who, on being informed by her little daughter that, in passing a tenanted house, she had heard a child cry, went to the house without a moment's delay, and there she found, in a perfectly bare room, a child, some two years old, almost naked, and apparently dying from want. The good woman took the child home, warmed it, fed it, and then placed it under the care of one of her own children.—*The Thieves' Quarters in London, Good Words.*

THE SABBATH.

A Sabbath morn—softly the village bells
Ring out their welcome to the sacred day.
The weary swain has drunk of longer sleep,
And now, his children clustering round him, leads
The happy group from under his low porch
And through their little garden, where each plucks
A rose or pansy, to the school they love;
The busy hum delights his ear; and soon
The morning hymn floats heavenward; but himself,
Holding the youngest prattler in his arms,
Waits in the churchyard, where about him lie
His father and his father's fathers, till
The children following in their pastor's steps,
Whose gray locks flutter in the summer breeze,
All pass beneath the hallowed roof, and all
Knelling where generations past have knelt,
Pour forth their common wants in common prayer.
A rural Sabbath—nearest type of heaven;
Yet scarcely less beloved in tollown courts
And alleys of the city. What true heart
Loves not the Sabbath? that dear pledge of home;
That trysting-place of God and man; that link
Betwixt a near eternity and time;
That almost lonely rivulet, which flows
From Eden through the world's wide wastes of sand
Unchecked, and though not unalloyed with life,
Its healing waters all impregnd with life,
The life of their first blessing, to pure lips
The memory of bygone Paradise,
The earnest of a Paradise to come.
Who know these best, love best, thou pearl of days,
And guard thee with most jealous care, from morn
Till dewy evening, when the ceaseless play
Hour after hour of thy sweet influences
Has tuned the heart of pilgrims to the songs
And music of their heavenly fatherland.
—Yesterday, To-Day and Forever.

GOV. WILMOT AT HOME.

Gov. Wilmot, of New Brunswick, whom we described lately, is thus painted by a correspondent of *The Boston Journal*:

No stranger leaves Fredericton without visiting, as the chief point of interest, the grounds of His Excellency Gov. Wilmot. They are but a short distance from the centre of the city and are always open to the public. It is one of the most delightful spots I have ever seen. We boast of our handsome gardens and grounds attached to residences in the suburbs of Boston, but it has never been my fortune to see any which, in the munificence of flowers, in the exquisite taste displayed in their arrangement, so as to give the most pleasing effect, could compare with these gardens. Besides the flower garden, there are three extensive croquet grounds, with beautiful rustic arbors; quiet walks beneath tall elms and pines, and spacious lawns. Where, with us, we have a single flower or plant, here there were large beds of them, and many of them of the choicest varieties. It has been charged by Governor Wilmot's political opponents that he has devoted his time to the study of theology and flowers. I cannot speak of his proficiency in the former study, but if he has been as successful in it as he has been in the garden, he must be a very able theologian.

And inasmuch as I have touched upon this matter, I may say further that Governor Wilmot is a prominent active member of the Methodist Church. For more than twenty years he has been, and now is, the leader of its choir, and for nearly that time has been the superintendent of its Sabbath School—and he holds that position at the present time. It was the good fortune of our party to spend an evening at his residence, and the result of the visit was to deepen the impression we previously received, that the people of New Brunswick have abundant reason for thankfulness that they have such a man at the head of their government—a man of large experience in public affairs, of broad and liberal views, who understands what his native Province needs for its social, intellectual and material advancement; one who has an encouraging word and a liberal hand to aid in every good work, and an enthusiasm which can hardly fail of exciting a similar spirit among his people. I imagine it must seem strange to the New Brunswick people to have such a man for their Governor—rather than "My Lord" this, or "the Earl" that, who, under the old regime, were sent out from the mother country, and whose only interest seemed to be to maintain the "dignity" of the office and draw their salary.

Besides being open to the public, the ground and garden of Governor Wilmot are frequently tendered to religious, temperance and other societies for the purpose of holding tea-meetings, picnics, &c. I was told that, on some occasions, there have been three or four thousand persons present at such gatherings, and not a flower or bud was taken or the slightest trespass committed. Does this not speak well for the morality of the people of Fredericton? Would any of the owners of the beautiful grounds in Brookline or Cambridge be willing to throw them open to a picnic, the tickets to which were sold publicly in Boston, accessible to all? I fear not. The Methodist society in Fredericton has raised over \$6000 at festivals held in these grounds, to aid in building their beautiful church, and large sums have also been raised in them for other good causes.

YOUR DEATH.

Ah! what spectre is that standing with a drawn sword on every man's path, red with the blood of a race, and seeming nearer with every passing moment! What is it! Is it real? We look. We see. We cannot but see. The fate of a world speaks its name, and recounts its deeds. It is our own individual death. Though long delayed, sooner or later it comes. Whatever may be the effect of death, that effect we shall soon experience, each one in himself and for himself. All the questions that it raises, and all the results which it involves, are personal.

Where then shall I be, and what shall I be—I myself—this living, conscious self—the being I call myself, and of whom I think when I hear or speak my own name—this mysterious agent of thought, feeling and character—where and what shall I be, when death has dissolved my connection with earth and laid my body down to moulder in the dust? Where shall I be ages hence—in what world, and in what manner employed? These faculties of mine—this reason, this memory, this conscience, these strong affections—have they any future, and if so, what is that future? This soul—ah! this thinking soul—what about it, and what the prospects before it, when the knell of life is sounding and time approaching its final pause?

Let us aggregate all these ideas into one great thought, and then sit down in its presence. Is death the end, or is it but a change into a larger mode of life? What, to any man, are all the other questions of earth in comparison with this? How stupendous in every possible form of its answer? It places all other questions under an eclipse. Above and beyond it, there is no higher summit for thought to climb. It is the Alpine question of time. Lifted to its startling height, and looking down from its elevation, we see this globe as a mere atom whirling in space. Its empires have dwindled into motes; monarchs have become pigmies; and centuries have passed into seconds. Manifestly humanity here wants a faith, and a practice—such a faith and practice as, in the soberest judgment of reason, will afford the surest guaranty of hope. What shall this faith be, and whence shall it come, and how shall we live in view of it? To these questions the Christian finds his answers in the Bible. He reads and believes. He adopts for himself the grand hope of Paul: "For we know, that if the earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." In death he makes the prayer of the martyr Stephen: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It is a pertinent and grave question for every man to settle, whether he can do better than to accept the Christian volume as his guide in the Great Future.—*The Methodist Times.*

HINGES ALL OVER.

A converted native of the South Sea Islands was once trying to give an account of the manner in which he persuaded himself that the Bible was the word of God.

"When I look at myself," he said, "I find I have got hinges all over my body. I have hinges in my legs, my jaws, my feet, my hands. If I want to lay hold of anything, there are hinges in my hands, and even to my fingers, to do it with. If my heart thinks, and I want others to think with me, I use the hinges to my jaws, and they help me to talk. I could neither walk nor sit down if I had not hinges to my legs and feet.

"All this is very wonderful. None of the strange things that men have brought from England in their big ships are to be at all compared to my body. He who made my body has made all the clever people who have made the strange things which they bring in ships; and he is the God whom I worship.

"But I should not know much more about him than that he is a great hinge-maker, if men in their ships had not brought the book they call the Bible. That tells me of God, who made the heart of man likewise; and when I hear how the Bible tells of the old heart with its corruptness, and the new heart and a right spirit, which God alone can create and give, I feel that his work in my heart and his work in my body fit it into each other exactly. I am sure, then, that the Bible, which tells me these things, was made by Him who made the hinges to my body; and I believe the Bible to be the word of God."

OVERBECK AND CORNELIUS.

Overbeck is regarded as the greatest Catholic painter of the age—the Giotto of the present day; he paints in the quaint old style of early Christian art,—the same subjects, the same mode of treatment, and in the same reverential spirit. He is one of the most devout Catholics of Italy. His face, once seen, can never be forgotten—from its austere, and gloomy, and lonely aspect; he is a monk of the middle ages,

who preserves in these bustling and skeptical times the most childlike faith in the ideas and traditions of centuries ago. Seen among the French and English artists, his face was at once a startling vision and a beautiful tradition—it was as if angel were to descend and disturb the waters of Saratoga to-day, as in the time of Christ at Siloam. He had a pure, rapt, ethereal expression; one would have thought that he had stepped out of an old painting, or come down from the mediæval heaven, had it not been for the salad that he ate with veritable relish. He ate little, however; neither at table nor elsewhere did his life disturb the ideas to which his countenance gave rise.

Overbeck never compromised his faith, whatever the surroundings. At table, in the Campagna, at a hotel where the artists congregate in summer, Overbeck asked grace devoutly every day, although the French and German artists openly sneered at him and laughed at him. Amid their scoffs and ribaldry the old man crossed himself reverently, bowed his head and muttered his grace before meat. Yet with all his sanctity of expression there was a mingling of shrewdness which almost looked like cunning. He was shy and diffident; spoke very little to any one; and shrank from argument and heterodoxy as from a pestilence.

Cornelius was a great contrast to Overbeck in every thing, excepting that he, also, was an earnest Catholic. But there was neither sanctity nor shyness in his expression. He was a short, dumpy man, with black eyes, iron gray hair, and very shrewd expression. He was a courtier in his manner—a thorough man of the world—who knew how to keep his bread well buttered. Yet he was great as an artist. His cartoons and those of Kaulbach are among the finest compositions of the century.—*Geo. L. Brown, in The Watchman and Reflector.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

Those days of later Autumn-tide,
When he who in some town may chance to bide
Opens the window for the balmy air,
And seeing the golden haze sky so fair,
And from some city garden hearing still
The wheeling rooks the air with music fill,
Sweet, hopeful music, thinketh, is this Spring?
Surely the year can scarce be perishing?
But then he leaves the clamor of the town,
And sees the withered, scanty leaves fall down,
The half ploughed field, the flowerless garden-plot,
The dark, full stream, by Summer long forgot,
The tangled hedges, where, relaxed and dead,
The twining plants their withered berries shed,
And feels therewith the treachery of the sun,
And knows the pleasant time is well nigh done.
—*The Earthly Paradise.*

LITTLE GRAVES.

"God plants his flowers at any time,
And gathers at any age."

These graves are very small—they are so narrow, deep and dark. They make me shudder with their cold, damp silence. Tread carefully, speak lowly, these little ones may have life.

But innocence has no fears. These little pilgrims have explored the depths of these graves—with no sense other than sleep—with no serious regrets, no tormenting remorse.

Innocence is engraved upon every lineament of those sweet faces—see those fair brows, no care wrinkles there, no avarice mars that supernal beauty.

They drank not the cup of life to its lees, they sipped its nectar sweets. Their spirits were winged ere they left these wondrously fair bodies. They were of heaven. Angels knew them and loved them. We knew them by one name, the angels by another. We watched and tended them with tenderest care once; but the angels will minister and care for them evermore. We watched their entering into this mortal life; they wait and look to give glad welcome to our spirit homes.

We are surrounded with the dying and the dead; but they are in that clime where they die no more, and there is "no sorrow there."

Let us cover these little graves with forget-me-nots and beautiful immortelles. There is the victory without its battle, the crown without the strife of the race, life without the fear of death.—*Methodist Recorder.*

GOV. TOD ON GEN. GRANT.

I have known his family well. My mother had the teaching and training of old Jesse Grant. He came to live with my mother at 12 or 14 years old. When she thought he was old enough she advised him to go and learn a trade. He took her advice. She wanted me to learn a trade, too, but, unfortunately, I turned my attention to the law, and though I have made a tolerably fair lawyer, I have no doubt I would have made a better blacksmith. That is the trade my mother wanted me to learn. I am well acquainted with Gen. Grant. He possessed every element of character which should attach you to him. I do not speak of his claims as a military man, but we may all be certain of one thing—an ordinary man would never have achieved what he did. Nervous man, like Gov. Seymour and myself, would have abandoned Vicksburg, and, in fact, several other places, that Grant took by not getting tired. He never gets tired. And of all men in this nation, I repeat it, there is none I would prefer at this time for President to Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.

It is related of old Dr. Burnett, that he had a horse which he wished to sell, and when exhibiting it to an expected purchaser, mounted and rode the horse gallantly, but did not succeed in hiding the defect. "My good Doctor," said the trader, "when you want to take me in, you should mount a pulpit, not a horse."

THE HOME TABLE.

MARY OF DEE.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee!
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.
The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she!
"O is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
Of drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."
They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

C. Kingsley.

DEACON BERTIE.

Deacon Bertie was a boy so out of the common way as to be altogether worthy of having his little story told. He was a real, live boy, born — years ago, in the city of B. He was the first grandchild in both families, and was, of course, a great curiosity to all. His paternal grandfather, the morning following the little stranger's arrival in the dangerous country of the earth, went groaning up stairs to announce his birth to one who was as yet in ignorance of it. "I feel very old to-day," he said, with a funny smile, and aunt knew instantly what he had come to tell. Bertie sat supported on nurse's knee in front of the fire to be looked at; but not (as yet) touched by the numerous aunts, uncles and cousins, who were all in eager haste to pay their respects to him.

As his young father watched him, he lifted both tiny red hands and covered his face, holding them so for several minutes. That motion, and the grave, earnest look of his wee face, earned Deacon Bertie his name. He was different from other babies from the very first. Never cried without good and sufficient reason, and then he did it all up loud and strong, and it did not have to be done over again. He always awoke smiling, no matter if "his nap was not out." You know most all babies consider not having a nap out reason enough for being so cross there's no living with them. Not so Deacon Bertie—and a very fortunate circumstance it was; for he lived in a large family, where there was a great deal of noise, and he had so many relations who wanted to play with and tend him, that it was seldom indeed he could have his nap in peace. No sooner would mamma or grandma get him to sleep than grandpa or some uncle or aunt would come in. "O! if that baby isn't asleep again. He's always asleep when I come. Here, Bertie, Bertie, wake up, you little diamond, I want to see you, precious, open peepers right away." And the child would be pulled up, and shaken, and squeezed, and kissed, until his first languid smile grew into loud, sweet laughter. Though his face was very thoughtful and pensive in its character when at rest, it dimpled and rippled all over with mirth and fun the moment any one began to play with him. He was not in the least afraid of strangers, would go to any one who smiled on and invited him, and would coo and frolic in a stranger's arms as trustingly as in his mother's. By the time he could sit alone he had learned to know about when to expect his father and his grandfather home from down town, and a pretty study Deacon Bertie was as he listened and watched for them. First to the window and then to the door, his serious, earnest little face would be turned, and his expectant eyes, so large, and soft, and tender, would light up at the sound of every approaching step. Many were the changes that would pass over his expressive face, as, patiently and silently, he waited and listened for the loved footsteps. When, at last, the door opened, and father or grandfather appeared, then would begin a series of capers, so droll that the whole household would gather to witness them. Yet, Bertie was not a merry baby. His soft, sweet, dimpled flesh scarce ever had a tinge of pink, and on his pretty features there usually sat a strange gravity, while his heart often trembled with sighs. His pensive ways, and wise and sober looks, made him all the more attractive, and grandmother declared he was the ruin of the house.

He was certainly king of the house, and his charming and exquisite ways took all his aunts and uncles fairly off their feet. Overpowered by the innocent wiles of the enchanting little spirit, they fell before him all along his throne, the floor.

And O, when Deacon Bertie became possessed of four lovely little pearls in ruby setting, what an ex-

citement there was among his loving and admiring lieges. Sweet, beautiful little mouth! poor rosy little mouth! doomed to so many kisses. But Deacon Bertie bore his fate in a manner truly heroic. His self-possession was far greater than that of any of his elders.

Everything was neglected for that baby's sake. An ever new delight it was to watch him at his meditations, or at his gentle, or his funny plays.

Often he would sit for a long while motionless, his large earnest eyes looking as though at some far-off object. Even graver and graver would grow his face, and the little lovely one would softly sigh as though homesick and sad. Then the subjects of the household king would look meaning at each other, doubting what baby's mysterious mournfulness might mean.

In another mood, Bertie would fasten all eyes on him by the perfect grace of his attitudes and motions, and by his expressive smiles.

Sometimes, peeping that pretty head, then tipping it on one side, and squinting up his eyes at you, as a little bird does that wants to make up its mind what to think of you, he would sit still a moment, and then, clapping his dimpled hands, nodding and saying "bye-bye" to everybody, he would take to shaking his head until his whole round body rolled over on to the floor. There he would lie, motioning with his hands, and whispering incomprehensible secrets in a voice so soft and sweet, and with looks so laughing, that those who heard and saw were in danger of squeezing "the delicious little cub" to death in the transport of their delight.

With such a baby in the house, what could anybody do but throw aside everything that interfered with attention to him? There is quite as much difference between babies as between grown folks. Some are always crying; they scream if a stranger does but look at them, and yell like desperation if he touches them, and are little, but a trial and a burden, day and night. But a babe like Deacon Bertie is an angel of joy and consolation. "A well-spring" of pleasure in any house, looking all little. Notwithstanding all the fears natural to the owners of good babies, Deacon Bertie managed, in spite of much serious sickness, to outlive his babyhood, and arrive at the dignity of boys' clothes. Like all little masculines, he was greatly pleased with the change, and loath, on any occasion, to return to "girls' clothes," as the cast-off robes were contemptuously called by one of Bertie's uncles, a young man of the age of 11 years. It was not Bertie's way to be troublesome, and the only way in which he manifested his feeling against the petticoats was, to say in a low tone, as he saw that they were to be put over his head, "me not want these any more." After fairly escaping from his second year, Bertie grew finely. Now and then he had a sick time, and he used to say to his grandma when his pain was very sharp, "Please, grandma, hold me across your breast, and sing 'Happy in the Lord,' and I guess I can go to sleep."

Among his first words were these, repeated thoughtfully many times, as he stood in a chair by the window:

"God made Bertie. God lives in heaven, way above the blue sky. Bertie can't see God, but God sees Bertie all the time." His auntie told him this, and it was a great pleasure to her to hear the gentle babe repeating it to himself, and impressing the lesson on his own mind. She saw by the deep look in his sweet eyes that he was thinking of, and trying to understand, what he was saying. Soon after he was two years of age, his father went away, and was gone a year. When he returned, Bertie was rather shy, and reserved with him for a few days. There was a little sister now to share attention with Bertie, so papa did not insist on being immediately familiar with his grave and offish boy. "He'll come round in time," said he to mamma, who felt disappointed that Bertie did not eagerly welcome the one he had so longed to have come home. "Let him take his own course."

The child took special care to keep where he could watch his father all the while, and one afternoon, when the latter had been relating some of his funny adventures, and all present, save Bertie (who sat cross-legged in the great arm-chair, erect and serious, as became his deaconship), had been heartily laughing, the little fellow, sometime after everybody else had sobered down, suddenly threw back his head, and burst into a fit of merriment, so genuine and so contagious, that papa and mamma, and all the rest, shouted from sympathy, though they knew not what at.

"O, papa, you are such a sunny (funny) boy!" Bertie said, as soon as he could for laughing. Then all the family laughed harder than ever, while Bertie scrambled down from his seat and made for his father, who from that time had no cause to complain of his son's coolness.

The boy continued the pleasant habit of the babe, always waking in perfect good nature. He seemed to remember constantly who "lived above the blue sky," and who "always saw Bertie." There was nothing he so well loved to talk about and hear as things concerning God and heaven; and when he would sit for a long time still, lost in thought, it always came out, pretty soon, that spiritual matters had been the subjects of his meditation.

"That child will never live long," was said, again and again; but Bertie lived and thrived. The Lord does not take all the good and pleasant things out of this world.

He was a dear little evangelist, and more than one hardened sinner probably remembers his sweet face and earnest words.

Two men were sawing wood in his father's yard, and swearing as they worked. Bertie, watching and listening to them, was sorry to hear them swear.

"Do you know the Lord?" he asked. The men sank into silence before that babe's rebuking question.

Another day he met a tall, wild looking fellow, who was swearing dreadfully. Fearlessly he stepped before him, and lifting that pale, innocent face, he said:

"Do you know the dear Lord Jesus will come in the clouds of heaven, and every eye will see him?"

The man stopped as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning.

"Aunt," said the little lovely one to a relative who was in deep trouble, and trying to restrain weeping. "aunt, if any one in heaven should ever want to cry, the dear Lord Jesus wouldn't say a word about it, not even to the angels, but he would take his own shiny hand and wipe the tears all away."

In Sunday School one day, the superintendent asked if any child there could tell who loves to tempt everybody to do wrong.

"The devil," replied one of the boys.

"I knew," whispered Bertie, "but I thought it was wicked to say that name."

One day he said a naughty word. "Why, Bertie," said a lady who heard him, "how wicked; go directly and ask pardon of the Lord." He looked horror-stricken to reflect on what he had said, and started off on the run for a bed-room. After some time he crept back to the family. "Did you do it?" asked one of his playmates, under her breath. "Yes," returned Bertie, solemnly.

Bertie's attractive face, with its touching pensiveness, and unusual thoughtfulness of expression, caused him to be very much noticed by strangers. And his polite and pleasant replies to all that was said to him charmed everybody, go where he would. For this reason his relatives delighted to take him about with them, from the time he could walk and talk. Bertie, you see, was very unlike those children who are troublesome to take, and dangerous to leave at home. Though not a handsome boy, he had what is better than outward beauty. Said a lady, herself the mother of a son or two, "That boy has the most interesting face I ever saw on a child."

O, how pleasant would be the company of little children were they only such as Bertie. He minded what was said to him, and was never saucy. The poor little fellow, when about six years of age, fell on to a red hot stove, and burnt both his hands to a blister. In his agony he sprang and leaped about at such a frantic rate that no one could catch him. His cries brought all the passers to the doors and windows of the house. "O, dear! O, dear!" he screamed, "I want to swear; and if I swear I shall go to hell, and what shall I do?" There was a laugh without, and one man said, "A child that will resist temptations in such circumstances will make a man that will stand by his principles." "My dear son," said Bertie's father, "try and not make such a terrible noise. It does you no good." "O, papa, I am trying; but if you felt as I do, you'd bellow too. You are doing the best you can, and I am doing the best I can, and what more can we do?" This raised another laugh; but everybody seemed to feel great sympathy with the poor little sufferer.

"Bertie is a very bad child to punish," said his father to a friend.

"How so? I should not have thought it," was the reply.

"Why, I am always the worst punished. He never resists, nor sulks, nor blames me. He put his arms about my neck, and cries so, for me—to think I have a little boy so bad as to need punishment. It is the hardest thing I do to punish him." No wonder.

Little Jenny was now old enough for Bertie to talk with. She was a good and affectionate child; but not so out of the ways of earth as her brother. They had been punished one day, and Jenny was not particularly pleased thereat.

"But wouldn't you rather papa would punish you

when you are naughty than to let you grow up naughty, so that nobody would love you?" asked her brother. "No," was the decided answer. "Well," said Bertie, "I would."

On Christmas Day he was discovered quietly crying, standing by his favorite window (from which the first sight of his father on his homeward way could be had), his new toys all left in another room. "What is the matter, dear?" was asked. "O, aunty, when I think how many poor little children there are who have no one to give them anything, and how good God is to me, I don't know how to bear it." The tender little bosom swelled again, and Bertie was ready to burst out afresh.

Now, children, Deacon Bertie is a real character, and is yet alive; but I must tell you no more about him, as I have taken up too much space already. Try to become like him, and you will be loved by God and all good people.

YOUR AUNT AUGUSTA MOORE.

NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

THE CONFERENCES

here in the West come in the fall instead of the spring, as in the East. They are in some respects more interesting than elsewhere in the country—though for that matter, who ever saw an Annual Conference that was not interesting? There are, to be sure, some parts of the work as well organized and as thoroughly adjusted in all these relations as any in the older States. But there is also a great deal of pioneering—a great deal of fresh work.

WEST WISCONSIN.

This Conference now embraces an immense stretch of territory, extending from the Illinois line to British America, nearly four hundred miles in length by one hundred or a hundred and fifty miles in breadth. It occupies the larger part of the State, territorially, though I suppose the larger part of the population is in the other Conference. Previously to the last General Conference there were two Conferences in this territory—the Northwest Wisconsin Conference, comprising the regions bordering on the Lacrosse, Chippewa and St. Croix Rivers, a small body of ministers, but supplying a very large country. They are now united, and together form a very respectable body in numbers, and something more in personal appearance.

The Conference session was held this year in Mazomanie, a pleasant little village on the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Railway, and about twenty miles west of Madison, the State capital. It is a beautiful country here. The ground is broken and uneven enough to make the scenery more picturesque than is usual in the West. The soil is a sandy loam, but on the whole very productive.

CONFERENCE SUNDAY.

The love feast in the morning was as natural and almost necessary, a most interesting season. There were old men who were full of the reminiscences of "the former days," yet by no means disposed to think of them as being altogether better than these. But it was pleasant to hear them relate their experiences, when a single circuit occupied as much ground as a whole Conference now; when they got up their sermon as they rode, and kept preaching till they got it into effective shape; when they visited all the families which they found in their route, preached in taverns and barns, on stumps and anywhere where they could get any hearers. There were young men too from the frontier, where they had been as they expressed it, "pre-empting" land for Jesus and the church.

Bishop Ames, who presided at this session, preached in the forenoon. It was an indescribable sermon; yet I should characterize it as a magnificent, sound stump speech, full of inspiring feeling, pathos, solemn pleasantry and effective instruction. It is marvelous power which the Bishop has over an audience. Dr. DeHaas, of the Metropolitan Church, Washington City, preached in the afternoon a most elegant and interesting sermon on the competence of the church to possess the world. In the evening the writer of these notes administered an anodyne, which, after the powerful and exciting sermons of the day, it was apprehended the people were in need of.

MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE.

There are some marked men. The Nestor of the Conference and of the Northwest, Dr. Alfred Bunson, has been pretty freely portrayed in the columns of THE HERALD among the General Conference sketches. Bro. Bachman, the secretary now for several years, is a sort of Irish-German Western full-blooded Yankee, with the last indicated characteristic predominating. He is a genial companion, a sound theologian and an able preacher. Bro. Fullerton, of the far Northwest, lately Presiding Elder of the Prescott District, and member of the last General Conference, is one of the sturdy pioneer workers. A modest, faithful and efficient minister of the gospel, he is evidently ready for any work to which the church may assign him. R. Dudgeon, I. Searles, T. Lawson, P. Mather, M. Dinsdale, are among the solid men of middle age prominent in the Conference. Among the young men most promising are J. E. Irish, B. C. Hammond, H. Gilleland, &c.

WISCONSIN CONFERENCE.

This body meets this year at Racine, in the southwestern part of the State. It is a beautiful town, with many fine residences and beautiful grounds. Bishop Ames presides here too. He is a pretty considerable favorite as a presiding officer in all our Western Conferences. The year has been of great success here, as in the West Wisconsin. There is an increase of membership in both Conferences. In the West there is also an increase in the missionary collections on all the districts. There is great honor to that Conference amid so considerable defection in this part of the country. The Wisconsin Conference has not done so well, showing a decrease of one or two hundred dollars. Most of the other benevolent collections indicate a good interest.

Our educational institutions are improving. The Lawrence University, now for the first time in many years is entirely free from debt, and in a flourishing condition. Its income is

not yet sufficient to meet its expenses. But the Conference show an increased confidence and interest in it. The Evansville Seminary, which had nearly gone down under its financial embarrassments, has made a grand rally and paid off all its debt, and raised nearly sufficient to put its buildings and other appointments in good shape.

THE CONFERENCE SABBATH

was, of course, a high day. The love feast, the very best meeting of any kind in the week, was even better than usual. One old veteran stated that it was seventy-one years since he gave himself to God, and though he had been laid aside from the regular work many years, yet he was still in the office of class leader, doing something for Christ. Other old men were cheerful and hopeful. There is a band of young men here most faithful and devoted, fully consecrated to any work to which God may call them.

At the Methodist Church during the day, there were sermons by the Bishop, Dr. Walden, of the Western Book Room, and Dr. Reid, of *The Northwestern Christian Advocate*. Most of the other pulpits of the place were supplied by members of the Conference. The writer preached at the Universalist Church. The pastor of this church has a good story told of him. Being a chaplain in the army, after a short experience in the duties of his office in the South, he came home on a furlough, and while there made a speech, in which he assured his hearers, that whatever might have been his previous views, he had come to the conclusion that "hell was a military necessity." Dr. Reid gave us a very fine sermon in the evening. Both here and in the West Wisconsin Conferences, the new editor has won golden opinions. Dr. Walden, too, the new Book Agent, has made a very excellent impression by his genial, gentlemanly bearing, and his sound good sense, conspicuously manifested both in public speech and private conversation.

A JOKE ON THE HERALD EDITOR.

A bundle of ZION'S HERALDS having come, were eagerly seized and read. There is a prospect of some new subscribers for you. I lent my copy to an intelligent local brother, and a lay delegate. He returned it to me before having time to study it very thoroughly, and was anxious to learn more particularly about it. He was especially desirous to know if the editor was not rather too conservative! Of course, I was not in a state of mind to give him any very clear information of this point; but I did the best I could.

Racine, Wis., Oct. 7, 1868.

CHELSEY.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA, by Arthur Helps. 4 vols. Harpers.

Arthur Helps started out as an essayist, but like so many of that sort, became a historian. Carlyle, Irving, Macaulay are brilliant examples of this change. He is the Queen's historiographer, preparing her books for the press, and does a little private business of his own. These volumes are the best summary extant of a great rise and greater fall. They are as honestly painted as Kinglake, and are less tedious if less Turnerque than he. They give the story of Columbus, Balboa, Cortez and Pizarro, brief but full. They paint plainly the horrors of Indian and Negro Slavery, and the efforts of Las Casas and other good priests to alleviate the victims and extirpate the crime. Every student of this very important epoch in American history will find these volumes as learned and picturesque as Prescott, and more condensed and more faithful in dealing with vices of the conquerors. The last volume, just issued, tells the story of Pizarro and Las Casas, the Satan and the Saint of American-Spanish history. It concludes with a summary view of this colonization which acknowledges the energy of these conquerors, but gives too much praise to their ability. To subdue Mexico and Peru in fifty years it thinks surpasses the deeds of Alexander, the rise and fall of Rome, or the conquest of British India. But all those men were against trained foes, who knew their tactics, possessed their weapons, and had often measured swords with them. The American Indians were without any of these favors, and hence feel like birds unaccustomed to the rifle before the shot of the fowler. The overthrow of the Spanish Dominion by the sons of these Indians, as Bolivar and Juarez have done, was a greater feat than the conquest of Cortez and Pizarro, and infinitely more beneficial to mankind. As a vivid and true portraiture of times and men that are yet, and will long be prominent, these volumes are most valuable.

DAVID THE KING OF ISRAEL, by F. W. Krummacker (Harpers Bros., E. P. Dutton & Co.), is one of those vivid scripture portraits for which this writer is famous. It carries the great King through all his rise and fall. It is devout, faithful and pungent. No one can read it without benefit.

SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF EDUCATION, by John Becker (A. S. Barnes & Co.) is a phrenological essay on the size of brain, temperaments, faculties, and other physical matters that pertain to mental culture. It takes a Christian view of education, and declares that only the soul renewed in Christ can grow aright, though it makes this too phrenological. It claims that children should be studied in their temperaments, and treated accordingly, and gives the traits of each class, bilious, sanguine, nervous, to show how they should be considered. It is too "phrenological" for a scientific work, and serves to make religion a matter of the skull. It should be handled carefully.

POPULAR EDUCATION. By S. S. Randall, Superintendent of Public Schools in the city of New York. Harpers Bros.

This is of another sort than the former treatise, and presents the same theme from a more common standpoint. It is a hard and wordy set of essays, with but little that is new or fresh, though it is sound, and for the most part true. It advocates State Universities and Christian instruction, a unity that it is difficult to bring about.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC, Ticknor & Fields.

APPLETON'S ALMANAC.

Very pretty annuals are these. The first is the most beautiful and attractive in pictures and contents. It has very entertaining stories and talks. Mr. Hale tells one of his best tales,

and nobody tells a better one, or one better. Mr. D. K. Mitchell gives his poetical and practical farm talks. Lowell and Holmes are new and nice.—The Appleton Almanac is less costly, and is more fresh in its pictures, only they are too uniformly a good looking maid and man. His last picture of the Christmas Carol is its best. Both deserve and will have a large sale.

TWO NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES, by H. W. Longfellow. Ticknor & Fields.

It is proposed that a law be enacted forbidding men of fame from writing anything after a certain age. This work will hasten that law. One poem, any poem of the Voices of the Night surpasses it all. It is sometimes kindly suggested by the modest Westerner that it was fortunate Massachusetts was first settled, otherwise she would have never been settled at all. It is fortunate for Mr. Longfellow that his first poems were not the New England Tragedies. Had they been, his fame would have been another New England tragedy. They are two poor stories of the persecutions of the Quakers and the witches. A puritan minister figures in each as the chief villain, prosecutor and propagator. Honored names that opposed these crimes, clerical and lofty, are unmentioned, and the whole aim is to degrade our grand old Puritan pulpit and faith. The observance of the Sabbath is mocked at, and a preclonist is made to throw stones at the birds for disturbing its quiet, an act no rigid puritan would have dared to do on the Sabbath. Its poetry is as poor as its precepts. Giles Corey and his wife come forth from his pen without mellowness or music. The book has hardly a quotable or melodious line. It abounds in those that are without melody. This is the more remarkable as no American ever approached Mr. Longfellow in the gift of rhyme. The spirit is harsh and the lines hard. It is a sad conclusion of a fine career, and is a lesson of the difference between popularity and power. Ten thousand copies were sold before it was published, and London, Leipzig, Paris and Boston sent it forth at the same hour, while "Voices of the Night" stole softly on the national ear, and "Evangeline" was long in reaching its tenth edition. Mr. Longfellow never has treated his ancestors happily. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is of little value. But that is perfection to these Tragedies. He lacks the deep old Christian faith of the fathers, and therefore fails to paint them as they are. It is a winter tree, naked and icy, compared with the June and October glories of his previous poems.

THE PUBLIC SERVICES OF HORATIO SEYMOUR, from 1856 to 1868. pp. 413.

Who will write his public services from 1868 to 1872? Not the historian of America. His own private biographer will have that privilege. This thick pamphlet is made up of his speeches and official papers, and show a careful, cold politician, ready with bland words to cover a hostile heart. He has only warmed up twice; once when he called the murdering rioters "friends," and always when he touches New England. Her ice makes his fire. He denounces her institutions, her ideas, her political construction and her influence. He wants her remapped, so as to make her six States one or two. It would only mass her force. He can't be indulged either in reforming or governing her, or leaving her out in the cold. She is inside, warm and happy, and all her big family of principles and reforms with her. Where is Horatio?

LITTLE WOMEN, by Miss Alcott. (Roberts Bros.) is a vivacious story of four girls and their hardly older mother, judging from the picture. What she should know of poverty is hard to conceive. We dislike the dispiritualizing in it of Bunyon's great Allegory. No child should be taught any less evangelism than that. The fight with Apollon is reduced to a conflict with an evil temper, and the Palace Beautiful and Vanity Fair are made to be only ordinary virtues or temptations. We cannot commend the book as its quality merits. It is without Christ, and hence perilous in proportion to its assimilation to Christian forms. Don't put in the Sunday School library.

THE NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY, by Wm. Smith, Harpers Bros., is just the thing for Sunday School teachers and poor pastors, if any such there be, who haven't spirit enough to get us a dozen subscribers, and themselves McClintock's Cyclopaedia, though we fear it wouldn't do them much good. It is full of cuts and information on everything mentioned or suggested in the New Testament. Every academic youth, and all others should have it in their library.

MOUNTAIN STORIES, five volumes (Carter & Bros.), are the well-known series, "Girdling on the Armor," "Weighed in the Balance," "Edged Tools," "Binding the Sheaves," and "Robert Linton." They teach moral and religious lessons in an interesting manner. CHARLEY WATSON AND GRANDMA'S WARDROBE (J. W. Skelly & Co.), are two pleasant tales that will please pleasant children.

The ninth volume of DR. SPRAGUE'S ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN PULPIT will be issued in a few days by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York. This volume will contain The Associate, Associate Reformed and Reformed Presbyterians, the Reformed Dutch and Lutheran denominations. The same house have also in preparation, THE EMPTY CRIB, a memorial of little George, with words for bereaved parents, by Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D.; and THE REVELATION OF LAW IN SCRIPTURE viewed with respect both to its own nature and its relative place in successive dispensations, by Patrick Fairbairn, D.D.

Publications Received since our Last.

From Lee & Shepard—Mutual Science, Balm, D. Appleton; Mildred, Craik, Harpers.
E. P. Dutton & Co.—The Life of G. and R. Stephenson, Smiles, Harpers; Jacob Faithful, Maryat, Appleton's.
From Hurd & Houghton—Life Below.
From J. P. Skelly & Co.—Ursula's Girlhood.
From Nichols & Noyes—Balm's Mental Science; Maryat's Jacob Faithful.
From Carlton & Lushan—Manual of Methodism, Howley; Diary.
From Ticknor & Fields—Lockley Hall; Cast Away in the Cold; Gas Young Folks.
Bible Repository; Freedmen's Record; Catalogue of Bowdoin College; Phrenology and Physiology; Bibliotheca Sacra; Family Manual of the Temperance Union; North American Review; Advocate of Peace; Living Age; Oliver Optic; The Galaxy; Journal of Horticulture; Plymouth Pulpit; The Baptist Quarterly; Putnam's Magazine.

NEW ENGLAND EDUCATION SOCIETY.

This Society is doing a great and good work. It has given aid thus far, this Conference year, to more than a score of young men; and, during its brief history, it has assisted between ninety and one hundred. We regret to learn that its funds are already nearly exhausted. The amount on hand at the beginning of the year was only fifteen hundred dollars, which is less than one half of the sum actually needed for current expenses. In fact to do its work thoroughly would require full five thousand dollars per annum. This sum has been twice called for by the Board of Managers, and twice pledged by the patronizing Conferences, yet the yearly receipts fall short of two thousand dollars. When will our people awake to their duty in regard to this matter? God is calling young men to the ministry, and the churches are demanding pastors eminent for learning as well as piety. For indigent young men to secure the requisite qualifications, without assistance, is well nigh impossible. Assistance should be given, not grudgingly or stintedly, but with a liberal hand. The fields are white on every side, and the calls for well educated and faithful laborers are constantly increasing. In this day of the world's great and pressing wants, when cultivated minds are to be won to the cross, and bold and artful error grappled with in the public arena, it would be criminal to restrict the preparation of those who are to stand as champions of the truth.

The New England Education Society is one of the noblest organizations of the church. It aims at the highest, loftiest purposes. It deals honorably with those who receive its benefactions. It does not treat them as mendicants, but as honorable parties to a contract which requires, on their part, a pledge of future service in return for present aid. Hence its appropriations are made as loans, and the notes given by the beneficiaries are returned to them when they enter the ministry. We advise all our young brethren in New England who believe they are called to preach the gospel, and are really in need of help, to apply to this society for aid. Let them not hesitate on account of the condition of the treasury, for we are sure the Board of Managers will derive means to meet all real wants. The churches cannot afford to let worthy applicants call in vain for help. God will avenge his elect.

IT'S PART OF MY RELIGION.

There is a depth of meaning in the remark, "To pay my debts is part of my religion," that compels one to regard the man more highly who utters it, for we know he feels the importance of these obligations. So every man should be thoroughly alive to the idea that in his vote there is often real religion and fidelity, or the deepest irreligion and infidelity; and whilst right voting cannot constitute vital piety, yet to vote wrongly may sometimes be most unchristian and unpius.

All questions may not involve all this, but the moral questions do, and the vote in such cases is given in favor of truth or error, for virtue or vice, to strengthen the right or to give power to the wrong, to raise toward heaven or sink toward hell.

This weight of moral obligation is frequently lost sight of when applied to the duties one owes to great bodies, and particularly to the body politic; but notions of this sort are altogether fallacious. Theft from the treasury of the government is no less a theft than if stolen from the till of the merchant or the purse of the humblest citizen. Not distance nor numbers lessen the force of moral obligation, but the events of the times may give them greater emphasis, and thereby greatly enhance individual responsibility.

Such is the condition in this nation to-day. Our body politic has suffered as from an earthquake's shock; it has been treading the wine press of the wrath of God; it has been fearfully scourged, and trimmed and pruned; the lance has been plunged into its deepest veins; the probe has been forced to the centre of its life, that it might be rid of its vilest sin, and cured of the festering sore that was threatening it with a miserable death. That work has been accomplished; these iniquities have been wiped out; but with those who loved those sins there yet remains a hungering for the leeks and onions, and a thirsting for the wormwood and the gall that drove them mad for blood in other days; and as at Gettysburg, and as in the wilderness, the sword and the bullet did their legitimate work, so to-day the votes of men, good and true, must perpetuate the glories they achieved.

And on the question of doing this work there rests an immense responsibility. To do it well is a work of religion; to do it ill is a work of impiety. The contest is positively defined; the contestants are marked, and as dissimilar as noonday and the Egyptian night. It is that liberty, based on virtue, shall be the heritage of all men, universal in its application, and without limitation

in its prerogatives, or that all the evils of caste, and bondage, and error shall be crystalized into the government of the United States of America. The two parties are those who struggled with treasure and blood to keep this nation a unit, and perpetuate forever the blessings of liberty and equality, or those who by acts of secession plunged the nation into the bloodiest of wars, and enacted the crimes of Andersonville, Castle Thunder and Fort Pillow.

To one of these ideas and with one of these parties every voter in this nation must join himself in the present issue, or else from lack of courage or decision, remain an idle spectator where virtue and vice, truth and error, the principles of Christ and the subtleties of Satan are brought into the fiercest contest. To do the first is to act for humanity and for God, to accept the other is to fight against man and take issue against Jehovah. Action, then, is the necessity of the hour, and let it be a part of every man's religion to act just and sublimely for God and the future in the coming contest.

STATE CONVENTION OF MASSACHUSETTS METHODISTS.

PRELIMINARY.

Rev. Dr. Wentworth, of Pittsfield, preached in Grace Church on Monday evening. The services were opened by the singing of the hymn 527, "Let him to whom we now belong," &c. Prayer was offered by Rev. I. J. P. Collyer, of Cambridge. Hymn 163, "With joy we meditate the grace," &c., was sung, and the preacher announced his text, 2 Cor., i. 21: "Now he which establisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God."

Referring to the trials of Rev. Dr. Tyng and Rev. Mr. Hubbard as tending to concentrate attention upon his theme, "The Priesthood of the People," he briefly sketched the anointings mentioned in the Old Testament Scriptures, which typified Christ, the Anointed, who appropriated the term to himself when on earth, and whose apostles so proclaimed him, even to the extent of securing the appellation "Christian" to the whole body of believers.

He was anointed Prophet, Priest and King, and in him man is prophet to witness, priest to draw near and offer a living sacrifice to God, and king to rule on the earth. Christians should lead, not follow, the world, by virtue of such anointing. This anointing is spiritual, essential, effectual.

Triplcity was shown to have been revealed in the attributes of God, in manifestations of nature (instance, light), and in man, (intellect, passions, will). Human depravity obtains in this threefold unity, and Christ in these triple offices supplements man's need.

Human teaching, no less than divine, recognizes a triplcity. So in ancient systems; so Carlyle, who has philosophy, priests and kings, but people nowhere. Macaulay is the first to write history in the interests of the people.

The priestly caste has been and is especially dominant. Men are imposed upon in the direction of their greatest weakness—a sick body, a sick heart. God gave Israel no king, and but an occasional prophet, while he set apart a tribe to the priesthood, in recognition of this liability. The doctrine of Romanism is that we can only approach God through the priesthood. The rising above castes on the part of England's people was stated.

The whole question of apostolic succession turns upon whether in the New Testament there be priests as distinct from the people. We claim to be priests after the order of Melchizedek,—heralds of salvation. The Wesleyan Reformation, in despite of Mr. Wesley's predilections, broke the spell of priestly domination; the American Revolution that of kingly. Methodist altars were presented as modeled after the New Testament idea of the priesthood of the people. We will still ask for the anointing that abideth in us, and preach with unction, thus storming successfully the intellect and the will. Finally, as kings we shall reign, crowned forever; for God will be served only by kings.

Tuesday Morning, Oct. 13.

The Convention called together for the purpose of uniting the forces of the church in this State to advance the cause of God, met in Grace Church this morning, at nine o'clock. Religious services were conducted by Rev. A. D. Merrill, of Cambridge, Rev. H. W. Warren, of Charlestown, and Rev. F. Upham, D.D., of Fairhaven. Rev. Wm. McDonald, pastor of the church, nominated Rev. H. W. Warren, Rev. S. W. Coggeshall, and E. A. Thomas, to nominate officers of the Convention.

Rev. A. D. Merrill led in prayer while the Convention was preparing their report.

The following officers were nominated and appointed: Hon. E. F. Porter, of East Boston, President; Vice Presidents, Hon. Wm. Chaffin, of Boston, Hon. George F. Gavitt, of North Dighton, Caleb Ellis, of New Bedford, Wm. Renne, of Pittsfield, David Snow, of Boston, Hon. Jacob Sleeper, of Boston, Hon. L. W. Pond, of Worcester, Hon. J. D. Flint, of Fall River, Rev. C. F. Clark, Rev. Dr. F. Upham, of Fairhaven, Hon. Liverus Hull, of Charlestown, Rev. A. D. Merrill, of Cambridge, Rev. Thos. Ely, of New Bedford, Geo. F. Buttrick, of Barre, E. A. Thomas, of Prescott, L. H. Taylor, of Springfield, S. R. Morse, of Athol Depot, Hqn. Thos. Knell, of Westfield, Josiah Foster, of Sandwich, and H. D. Herrick, esq., of Lawrence.

Secretaries: Rev. A. W. Paige, Rev. E. A. Manning, and Rev. W. D. Bridge.

The President in a brief address, thanked the Convention for the honorable position he was called to occupy. He gave a few hints in reference to the object of the Convention. He then called upon Rev. Dr. Thayer, Presiding Elder of the Boston District, who gave an address of welcome. He more fully set forth the object of the Convention. One object was to secure the unity of Methodism, which is of great importance as there are parts of four Conferences in the State besides the New England Conference, which is entirely within the limits

of the State. We ought to be united and identify ourselves with the educational, reformatory, charitable, and general religious interests of the State. His address was chaste, impressive and eloquent.

Rev. D. Dorchester, Presiding Elder of Worcester District, read the first essay. Subject, The Present State of Methodism in Massachusetts. He referred to the fact that the first appointment in the State bears date of 1790. The valuation of church property has increased rapidly until now the churches and parsonages are worth \$2,548,000, an average of \$70 per member. His subject was one of great importance, but such a student and master of his subject will ever be equal to his task. As the remarkable tables he presented are of great statistical value, we shall publish them hereafter in full. His closing remarks were thrilling.

A vote of thanks was passed in view of the able manner in which the subject was presented by the author. Rev. J. D. King, of Fall River, read an essay on the Nature and Demands of the Sunday School Work. He showed what the Sunday School ought to be and ought to do. The Sabbath School will fail unless it bring to Christ. There should be such a change as will enable the pastor to give a conversational sermon. He thought half of the Sabbath work should be for the Sunday School. His thoughts were well arranged and clearly set forth. His views in regard to the importance of substituting the Sunday School for one service appeared almost prophetic. The change must and will come.

Mr. King considered teaching was preaching, and that a teacher should be a strong ally of the minister.

Rev. W. T. Harlow, of Athol Depot, addressed the Convention. He desired more time for the Sunday School. He spent about twelve years in the banner State for Sunday Schools, viz., Illinois. They always devote the P. M. to the School.

Rev. W. R. Clark, of East Boston, thought that not more than one fourth of the teachers were competent. The children consequently. The Sunday School should be considered a part of the church. The pastor should be *de facto* Superintendent.

Rev. G. Haven advocated more time for the service, and a higher quality in the library books.

Rev. D. C. Knowles, of Lawrence, considered that God's method was to have the children taught at home. Sunday Schools are only expedients. He feared the tendency was to pass the work from the family to the Sunday School. He thought parents were the most appropriate teachers. They are not at the school, hence the children do not go. The Sunday School is pressed to death between the services. He favored holding the school instead of the afternoon sermon. Educate the people into the idea.

Rev. L. B. Bates, of New Bedford, a great worker in the Sunday School, addressed the Convention. He has about one thousand in his school. It is the largest in the State. His idea was that there was a difficulty growing out of separating the school from the church. The pastor should be the Sunday School.

Rev. Dr. Butler introduced Rev. Mr. Parker, and it was announced that he would address the Convention this P. M.

Rev. D. Dorchester, Presiding Elder of Worcester District, presented a resolution recommending that the school take the place of one service.

AFTERNOON.

After singing Rev. P. Hawkes led in prayer.

Rev. G. Haven, Editor of ZION'S HERALD, Rev. C. H. Titus, of Taunton, Rev. Dr. Wentworth, of Pittsfield, and H. G. Herrick, Esq., of Lawrence, were appointed a committee on resolutions. Rev. G. Haven read an essay on the Unity of Methodism in Massachusetts. He presented the idea that it is difficult to secure unity on account of the fact that there were parts of four Conferences within the territory of the State, besides the New England, which lies entirely within the State. He considered unity necessary to conform to the spirit of Americanism. We need unity to carry on educational, reformatory, charitable and religious enterprises.

It was a highly interesting essay. We can but hope that it will grace the columns of THE HERALD, poetry and all.

H. G. Herrick, esq., then addressed the meeting. He lived within the bounds of the New Hampshire Conference, but thought that he belonged to Massachusetts.

Dr. Wentworth said he was within the bounds of the Troy Conference. Although there were considerations indicating that the unity of the church is important, but the western portion of the State somehow thought they were New Yorkers. He believed that it would not be possible to conform to the Conference lines to the boundaries of the State.

Rev. Dr. Coggeshall, of Duxbury, presented a few thoughts upon the subject. He said the centre of that portion of Providence Conference included in Massachusetts was Boston. We ought to be in the same Conference.

Rev. Dr. Upham, of Fairhaven, delivered a short address. All who know him will understand us when we say it was characteristic.

Rev. D. Richards, of Watertown, approved of two State Conferences with as full interchange of ministers as now exists between the districts of the same Conference.

Rev. J. Howson, of North Bridgewater, said that when the Providence Conference wished to come back to the New England it was opposed. They did not wish to come back unless they were wanted.

Rev. Dr. Brown, P. E., of Providence District, referred to the fact that the Conference to which he belonged had an eye upon their mother, and were willing to come and take care of her in her decrepitude. But the New England delegation to General Conference opposed the measure of conforming the Conference bounds to State lines. He hoped they would repent and do works meet for repentance.

Rev. Dr. Thayer differed from some of the brethren. He did not believe the plan was feasible.

Rev. Dr. Coggeshall presented an essay on "Local Church History." He hoped for the indulgence of the Convention, as he wished to take a broader range. He demonstrated the fact of his familiarity with history from the creation down to the present time. It was elaborate and exhaustive. The Dr. is a master upon this subject.

Dr. Butler introduced Rev. Mr. Parker, of the mission in India. He delivered an address upon his mission work in that far-off land. He had not been accustomed to speak in English for nearly ten years, hence he did not feel at home. In India they do not go to meeting, hence we go after them, and preach at the wells and at the fairs. At these fairs large numbers assemble. They hold what might be called camp meetings. He never saw less than 600,000 at these. He had seen 7,000,000.

Rev. Dr. Butler presented complimentary resolutions which were ordered to be printed.

A committee of three was ordered to present a plan for the better working of the Sunday School.

Rev. J. H. Mansfield presented an essay on revivals. Its facts were weighty and convincing.

Rev. L. B. Bates followed with another essay upon the same subject. He first endeavored to show what revivals are, and then the way to promote them. This essay was full of stirring thought and attended with power.

Adjourned to meet in Tremont Temple, at seven o'clock.

EVENING SESSION.

Met in Tremont Temple at seven o'clock. Rev. J. O. Peck led the devotional exercises. F. A. Clapp, esq., of Worcester, read an able and elaborate essay on "Church Enterprise." He disclosed some of the faults of the church. He referred to facts and figures clearly showing that our church is not doing what is demanded. Rev. Geo. P. Wilson, of Lawrence, presented an essay on City Missions. It was a very earnest effort to awaken deep concern in the minds of Christians for the destitute.

The audience was evidently anxious for all other business to stop, that they might hear the Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon, who had been previously announced. Long and loud cheers attended his introduction. At first he did not appear to be at home, and we feared expectations would not be realized. He soon warmed up with his address, and some of his thoughts were completely electrifying.

SECOND DAY.

Wednesday Morning, Oct. 14.

At 8:12 o'clock Dr. Wentworth commenced the love feast. Although stormy, a good congregation was present to enjoy the peculiarly interesting gathering. Between thirty and forty spoke.

Some of the fathers were there who had been in the ministry nearly fifty years. All the New England States were represented in the meeting. It was a glorious time. India was represented by the missionary and his wife.

Rev. G. Haven gave a report of the elections of Tuesday which was followed by cheering, singing the doxology, and Dr. Coggeshall led in fervent prayer.

The president then called upon Rev. L. T. Townsend, of Boston, to present an essay upon the subject assigned him, "The Controversy between the True and Pretended Christianity." It was a remarkable production. The paper might well be called an exposition of evangelical truth, and a thorough refutation of the most dangerous antagonisms of true religion. He believed while we should treat all who differed from us gentlemanly, that we should exchange shots with them—but not pulpits. His closing thoughts thrilled the large congregation who heartily cheered the speaker. The author was requested to furnish the address for publication. Fifteen hundred copies were subscribed for, and David Snow, esq., of Boston, gave \$100 to meet the expense.

Rev. Dr. Thayer explained the introduction of the representative of the Unitarian Association to the M. B. Conference.

Rev. W. R. Clarke suggested a few minor modifications. Mr. Albert Ellis endorsed the essay, and desired to have it published just as it is.

Dr. True spoke of his friendly relations to the Unitarians. He desired to have them come to the evangelical doctrine. He thought we should make all the concession we can without compromising truth.

Rev. G. Haven did not believe in the right to admit to our pulpits those who did not preach salvation through the blood of Christ. Prolonged cheers indicated the feeling of the intelligent Christians present.

Rev. Jarvis Ames, of Rockport, made a brief and telling address to the same effect.

Rev. Mr. Toles, of the Little Wanders' Home, was introduced, and gave a statement in regard to his work, and invited those present to visit the home.

Professor Eben Tourjee read a chaste and excellent essay on Church Music. He thought the masses should learn to sing. He doubted whether we should worship by exclusive choir singing. The minister should preach on sacred music. A choir is needed only to lead. They should be in the rear of the pulpit. The organ of course should be in the same place. Children should be drilled a half hour in each session of the Sunday School. He was of the opinion that there should be a concert before the Sunday evening prayer meeting to prepare for the social singing. He opposed quartette singing, and believed that at least six voices should be on each part of the music.

The session was extended to give Dr. Wentworth time to present his essay on the same subject.

He said psalms, hymns and spiritual songs should be the subjects of song. He said we needed voice to be able to sing, also training. He thought to place four persons in front of a large organ to do the singing was simply ridiculous. Congregational singing is feasible. The reason of its failure frequently is on account of the fact that the choir get their backs up.

It was a spicy address. His contrast between the poetry of Watts and Wesley was truly sublime.

The rain did not prevent a well filled house.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Rev. L. L. Eastman conducted the devotional services. Rev. Dr. W. F. Warren, of the Boston Theological Seminary, presented his essay. Subject: "The Responsibilities of Methodism in Massachusetts in the Work of Education." His essay indicated profound research and a perfect mastery of

his subject. He proved clearly that our denomination had not done their share as teachers of the masses. He thought there was no reason why we should not do as much as others. He advocated earnestly the more full endowment of that Theological Seminary, and the waiving of all other projects till that is completed. When he closed by climax, long cheering followed.

Rev. J. Porter, D.D., of New York, desired to see the address in print, and deprecated any movement towards a Massachusetts college.

Rev. G. Haven thought we ought to found another college, and showed its necessity, and that it would help and not harm those established, as was the case with Congregational colleges.

Dr. True was in favor of a Sunday paper to be distributed for those to read who cannot be induced to attend upon preaching.

Rev. H. Lammus, Professor of Lasell Seminary, favored raising more money to endow Middletown and other schools.

SECOND DAY.

Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, of Stoneham, presented the essay assigned him—"Position and Duty of the M. E. Church on Temperance."

He was glad that our church has always been right in theory. Last fall, out of 1050 who responded to the inquiry whether they favored license or prohibition, fifty ministers were in favor of license. One half were Roman Catholics, one fourth Unitarians, and some among the evangelical denominations. Not one was connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The essay was timely, and did great credit to Bro. Parkhurst, who is an able and interesting lecturer and worker in the cause.

Rev. A. J. Church, of Edgartown, spoke. He said law can be enforced. He lived where not a man has the moral courage to open a bar room. Their jail is to let. He is an earnest and impressive speaker.

Rev. J. O. Peck, of Worcester, thought such truth as the lecture contained is needed even among Christian men. The party that will ignore the subject in politics ought to die. He should cut his ticket when the time came to vote. Christians should have the witness of the Spirit in politics.

Rev. Dr. Chickering said a few words, and gave the Convention some tracts on temperance.

Bishop Campbell, of the African M. E. Church, was introduced. He is an African indeed.

Rev. J. D. King presented the report of the Committee on the Sunday School work, which was adopted.

Rev. G. Haven presented the report of the committee on resolutions, which was adopted.

Rev. David Sherman, P. E. of Springfield District, delivered an essay on "The Demands on the Church on the State." It was a dispassionate and able production. To some of his thoughts more than one district would do well to take heed.

Rev. W. McDonald, Rev. A. W. Paige and J. P. Magee were appointed a committee to publish the proceedings of the Convention.

When the question was raised in regard to the way of meeting the expense, the President said he would assume that. Of course the Convention did not object.

As the success of the Convention exceeded the hopes of the most sanguine, a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangement to meet again.

A resolution of thanks to the friends who so hospitably entertained the Convention was passed by a rising vote. Also a vote to the railroads that have reduced the fare.

Bishop Campbell, of the African M. E. Church, delivered an eloquent address. Had no one seen his face they would have considered him an earnest and accomplished Yankee minister. When he declared that they had no idea of selling out to the Unitarians, and that he was a Methodist dye in the wool, the cheering was loud and long.

Rev. J. H. Twombly and Rev. L. E. Thayer offered resolutions. All the resolutions will be published next week.

A vote of thanks to the presiding officer was passed by rising.

Rev. G. Haven, as chairman of the committee, made the closing remarks.

The doxology was sung, and Father Taylor pronounced the benediction.

Thus closed one of the most interesting meetings we have ever attended. One intelligent minister said he would not have it blotted from memory for fifty dollars.

The hope that it will be repeated annually until the millennium will meet a response in many hearts.

We should not omit to mention that our respected Bishop Baker has been present at some of the sessions, but is too feeble to participate in the exercises.

The Boston Transcript never fails to speak a flattering word for the Unitarians, and rarely fails to speak a false one for all other churches. It thus notes Prof. Townsend's essay:

From the tone of Rev. L. T. Townsend's essay before the Methodist Convention, we infer that the members of that body will hereafter decline to receive pecuniary aid from Unitarians. Had the decision been made twenty years ago, a large amount of funds would have been bestowed elsewhere.

It is not true and never was, "that the members of that body received pecuniary aid from Unitarians." The remark is as insolent as it is false. No Unitarian ever supported as such a Methodist minister. A few who worship in our churches have contributed something, but far less than the leading members to their current expenses, but in no case beyond what they resolved in the pulpit and pastoral labors of the clergymen they assisted in supporting. One or two have given a little, and a very little, for one or two of our colleges, but that was no pecuniary aid to our ministry. Dr. Olin confessed, more than twenty years ago, that efforts to obtain funds for our colleges from this source were a failure. It has not been attempted since. The Methodist Episcopal Church has supported its ministry, built its churches, established its schools, and paid all of its bills out of its own pockets. Our Unitarian friends could not do better with their money than to build up with it our churches and schools. As their leaders

are so openly abandoning and violently assailing the Lord our Saviour, the people will be more ready to contribute to the support of a pure Gospel. *The Transcript* then may see some virtue in the Christian church.

A specimen of this same spirit is seen in its notice of Mr. Punshon. While *The Advertiser*, a journal of Unitarian proclivities, but never aught than gentlemanly and just, gives him a very generous and candid criticism, and places him in the very highest rank of orators, *The Transcript* speaks of him after its uniform style of treating evangelical clergymen, and says he "has not the breadth of mind which made Newman Hall so popular with scholars and thinkers, and it would be easy to name a dozen living American clergymen who are the superiors of Mr. Punshon as orators." His own denomination in this country has had many preachers who excelled him in the gifts and graces of eloquence. And yet, when Mr. Hall was here, he received from this sheet only the same compliments it now pays Mr. Punshon. Bishop Simpson has been treated even more coldly. Had Mr. Martineau made his appearance in this city its "jottings" would have bristled with compliments. Mr. Punshon, who commands all England's ears, is below the average of our prominent men. Even Mr. Townsend's most brilliant essay, excelled by no discourse ever pronounced before a Unitarian body, is only used to point a falsehood. If a Methodist wishes to win a smile from this mistress of the Boston tea-table, let him become a Unitarian. Bishop Simpson, Mr. Punshon, Mr. Townsend are very small potatoes, but Robert Collyer and Robert Laird Collier, of but little repute when in our ranks, are always in its eye princes of the pulpit and the platform. Great is candor, greater is criticism, greatest is charity.

NOTES.

The Molden Messenger has a contributor who indulges in the following airy flight of wit. It is worse than *The Westerner's* "airy flight of rhetoric." "Why do the Yale College professors like ZION'S HERALD? Because everybody likes it. No, because it has a new Haven editor." *The Messenger* survives, and even flourishes on this diet.

Apocryph of such a strain upon the sense, is another pun from a kindred source. If the Chinese Ambassadors had accepted an invitation to come to tea, what Indian chief's name would they have used? Tecumseh (Tea, come, sir).

Not bad is this remark of a pastor: "Two thirds of the members of my church are honorary members. They don't come to prayer meetings; they don't attend the Sunday School; they don't add to the life of the church; they are the passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burdens; add no strength; their names are on our books; they are honorary members." Dishonorary, rather.

If our colleges would adopt the plan of West Point, they would break up the silly and infamous inquiry of hazing. They could also break up a worse habit by requiring, as that school does, a pledge of total abstinence for a part of their vacation, only they should extend it over all their college course, vacation and term time. Before a cadet can get leave of absence for a day, he must sign the following declaration:

"Upon the honor of a cadet and gentleman, I certify that I have in no manner or way improperly interfered with or molested, harassed or injured new cadets, from my admission to the present time."

Edinburgh has got up an anti-betting and anti-racing society. It is about time this was started in America. Will Messrs. Sprague & Smith, the proprietors and managers of the Narragansett Park, start it? They'll find all the clergymen of Providence, and probably *The Press* also on their side in such an enterprise.

The Pope has one virtue which our next President will not have. He doesn't smoke. He is said to be the only sovereign in Europe who does not indulge in that vice. Does Victoria? She fumes, perhaps, and that's the same thing. The Queen of Spain certainly does.

The Connecticut Valley is cursed with tobacco raising. Only four farmers in Hadley refuse to prostitute their land to such culture, and only one in Northampton. Methodists could not attend camp meeting because they must attend to this crop. It is no wonder that region clings so strongly to its cider when every Christian farmer is devoted to this kindred vice.

The Queen of Spain has had assigned her the Castle of Pan, where the first of her line, Henry IV., was born 315 years ago. No family has spread wider or towered higher in the last three centuries. She is its last leaf.

The following note is from one of our most reliable ministers, Rev. Wm. C. High, of Lowell. He was a chaplain in the army. It is gratifying to receive such assurances from the good authorities concerning the interests of our next President:

We are informed that in opposition to the election of Gen. Grant, it is urged that he has been a dissipated man, and is now of intemperate habits. I want to say that for three months, almost daily, while he was in command of the Army of the Cumberland, I had every opportunity of observing his habits, and that, while whisky-drinking was of almost universal practice among the officers of the army, I never saw, or smelt, or supposed the least sign, of ardent spirits about Gen. Grant. He is a temperance man, and, as such, none need fear to endorse him.

The following cold-blooded, cruel-hearted, unfeminine, unchristian and atrocious sentence appears in the last *Revolution*:

If there is one occupation which is more than another mere waste of time, I think it is for an active, labor-competent woman to sit from morning till night with a limp-backed baby on her knees, devoting her whole energies unsuccessfully to the business of putting it to sleep.

Ugh! 'Tis well for the writer of this paragraph that her mother had the maternal instinct, and didn't despise her "limp-backed baby," or esteem it a waste of time to dandle the helpless little creature on her knee. Woman's highest and truest mission is in the nursery. Jesus in the arms of Mary is the grandest picture for mankind to contemplate, a picture that the most sacred instincts of humanity prompt even to tearful and tender adoration. Mother! Home! and Heaven!

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

THE BOSTON PREACHERS' MEETING of October 12th was unusually large, and rendered particularly interesting by the presence and address of Rev. E. W. Parker, of our mission in India, who, with his wife, landed in Boston, October 8th, after a five months' voyage from Calcutta, not having touched at any port on the way. When invited to address the meeting, it was with great difficulty that he could control his feelings enough to speak. He said that after an absence of nearly ten years from his native land, among the heathen of India, his heart was entirely overcome, and the fountains of his tears broken up, as he found himself again upon the soil of dear old New England, and in the presence of so many of his brethren in the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ, hearing them singing again the sweet songs of Zion, as in other years.

He and his wife had left their work in India, not because they wanted to come home, but because their physicians insisted upon it as absolutely necessary, not only to the regaining of health, but to the preservation of their lives; and not until they were convinced that a visit home was the only possible basis upon which they could found any reasonable hope of laboring much longer in India, did they consent to sail for America. The long voyage proved to be of great benefit to the health of both, particularly to Sister Parker, who, at the time they left India, indulged only a faint hope of living to see her native land. After they had been at sea awhile, they found themselves so much better that they began work again. Bro. Parker and his wife had each a book during the voyage translated into Hindostanee, and when they arrived the books were all ready to send back to our printing office in India.

Perhaps the most interesting part of his remarks had reference to the conversion of one of the natives whom he called "Andreas." This man was a priest, a follower of Cabeer. He was one of the most filthy, wretched objects imaginable, and a sinner of no moderate character and reputation when the gospel first reached him. His disciples were very wicked, but he excelled them all in wickedness; and when Bishop Thomson was in India and saw these priests, he told Bro. Parker that their condition seemed to him more like that of the damned than anything he ever conceived of before. He first heard the gospel in the Bazaar, and becoming interested, visited the missionaries to learn more about it, until at last he came to Jesus, who, being mighty to save, saved him, and to-day this same Andreas is the most eloquent and successful native preacher the M. E. Church has in her India Mission. One day some of his former followers came and begged him to go and live with them again, and on the advice of the missionaries, in one hour's notice he was on the way; but they soon found he was not the Andreas which he once was, and were quite sorry that they had invited him to live with them again, for instead of inculcating his former doctrines, he insisted on preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified, and they could neither prevent it nor drive him away. One day, after preaching a very powerful sermon, which effort made him perspire very freely, he said, "Why do you oppose and persecute me and the missionaries so much? Do you think you can drive us away and stop my preaching? You never can drive me away, for where Andreas' sweat has fallen in preaching Jesus, he never will go back of that—never." "And," said Bro. Parker, "of all those who have been converted under his labors, not one has backslidden, though all meet with great persecution."

Verily, God is smiling upon our Indian mission, and we do not wonder that Bro. Parker and his wife found it so painful to leave the work there. The fruit of the seed which has been sown in India is already shaking like Lebanon.

After Bro. Parker's thrilling address, the brethren sang lustily,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand, &c."

The new M. E. Church of East Somerville, Bro. G. Beckman, of the Seminary, pastor, keeping step with the spirit of the age, will open a course of eight lectures, commencing with Wednesday evening, Oct. 28th. The following gentlemen have been secured as lecturers, and will speak in the order named: Rev. W. E. Miall, Rev. Gilbert Haven, Rev. Wm. F. Warren, D.D., Rev. G. S. Noyes, Rev. S. F. Upham, Rev. L. T. Townsend, Rev. M. B. Chapman and Rev. M. M. Parkhurst. Our Somerville friends should not fail to avail themselves of the opportunity of listening to some of the best lectures of the season.

STONEHAM, MASS.—Rev. M. M. Parkhurst, whose indefatigable labors have been signally crowned by the blessing of God, writes: "We have completed our vestries and are now occupying them with a congregation of about three hundred. Our lot of land is 171 by 90 feet, on a corner of two streets, facing the common, we think the best location in a growing village of nearly 4000 inhabitants, room enough on the lot for a parsonage fronting on one of the principal streets, value of land at least \$2500. Our church building is 97 by 50 extreme outside. Vestries under audience room, but above ground with front and rear entrance, 12 feet high, large vestry will accommodate 400, two small vestries 75 persons each, a committee-room that will seat 20, lighted with gas, windows of enameled glass, which give us first class rooms; we shall occupy these rooms until we can complete our audience room. Our property as it now stands is worth \$6000, with nearly enough good subscriptions to meet all indebtedness. Thanks to God first; to the brethren and sisters of Stoneham, whose liberality compared with their ability exceeds all my experience in the past. God bless them. Also, thanks to friends without whose aid I could not have secured present success, among whom I would especially mention Lee Claffin, L. W. Pond, H. Talbot, Wm. Claffin, Wm. Noble, E. H. Dunn, J. E. Short, M. Keyes, W. F. Haven, T. E. Hawley, B. W. Ducklee, W. C. Child, Mrs. W. A. Noble, and others. The best of all is, God has been saving souls all the summer and autumn; at least fifty have been converted since Conference, and still they come. We hope that we shall soon be able to inform you of the complete

of our church building, worth from 18,000 to 20,000 dollars, thus placing Methodism in a first position in this first class suburban town. If any of our Boston Methodists in seeking a home near the city, will come this way, we will give them a cordial welcome with inducements equal to any of our neighboring villages. We have twenty trains each way daily; fare 20 cents. Come and help us build up our beloved Zion."

NANTUCKET, MASS.—Rev. W. H. Starr writes: "The Methodist, Congregational and Baptist Churches in Nantucket united a few weeks ago in a series of religious meetings conducted by Rev. A. B. Earle. In these services the power of God was graciously manifested, both in the conversion of sinners and in filling his people with faith and the Holy Ghost. Proud moralists have become as little children, and received Jesus as their hope of glory. Profane scoffers have learned the language of Canaan, and are now proclaiming the Saviour's love and the joys of salvation. Two old men, one 85 and the other 82 years of age, have been plucked as brands out of the fire, and are singing and shouting the praises of Jesus. Truly the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Last Sabbath, Oct. 4, I baptized 18, received 9 into full fellowship with the church, and 13 on probation. These were from 16 to 82 years of age. Four of them are members of the same family, parents and children. A grand-parent was baptized and received on probation with his grand-daughter. Others will be received soon. Brotherly love continues. Baptists, Congregationalists and Methodists meet together once a week for prayer and Conference, and rejoice in feeling that we are all one in Christ Jesus."

WORCESTER DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING.—Rev. I. S. Cushman sends us a report of this interesting meeting, of which we give the following condensation:

A meeting of the Methodist preachers of Worcester and vicinity was held in the M. E. Church in Webster, on Tuesday, Sept. 29. Rev. W. A. Brannan was appointed chairman, Rev. J. S. Cushman, secretary; Bro. Dunham, of Fisherville, conducted the religious exercises. Twelve churches were reported by their pastors, all as healthful and progressive, and in several a number of hopeful conversions of late. Bro. Dorchester represented the financial interests of all the churches in his district, some forty in number, as well cared for; general peace and fair religious interest—this interest however, somewhat interrupted by increasing intemperance and a want of that going out after souls that there should be. The P. M. was devoted to the reading of essays, sketches of sermons, etc. The first was by Rev. W. D. George, of Spencer, on the "Annihilation of the Wicked." Rev. Wm. Silverthorn, of East Douglas, read a sketch of a sermon on "Christian Perfection." The subject was clearly presented and warmly discussed. Tuesday evening a sermon was preached by Rev. R. H. Howard, of Monson; text, Matt. xxiii. 23; "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone;" "subject: 'The religious value of natural virtues, or the necessary insufficiency, for religious or spiritual purposes of what is commonly called morality.'" On Wednesday there was a Sunday School convention representing the southern portion of Worcester District, E. Spaulding, esp., of Worcester, chairman, and I. S. Cushman, secretary. Reports from the eleven schools represented gave an encouraging account of the progress of this important Christian work. At noon a bountiful collation was prepared and served in the vestry, by the ladies of the society. In the evening, addresses from Rev. J. Peterson, of Shrewsbury, I. S. Cushman, of Oxford, and J. O. Peck, of Worcester.

GALE'S FERRY, CONN.—Rev. D. G. Ashley writes: "The Lord is reviving his work in this place. Not only has he greatly quickened his people here and led them forward to glorious victory, but he has increased their numbers more than a hundred per cent. In answer to earnest, believing prayer, sinners have been awakened and converted to God. And still others are inquiring what they must do to be saved. Thirty-nine have united with the church on probation, and twenty-five have owned their Lord in baptism. On Sunday, September 27, Presiding Elder Kenney baptized twelve, varying in age from 13 to 74, and notwithstanding the severity of the storm, a good congregation assembled to listen to a very timely and powerful discourse by Bro. Kenney from 1 Cor. xv. 58. The last Sabbath was a day not soon to be forgotten by the people of Gale's Ferry. The heavens smiled propitiously. The people gathered in large numbers on the bank of the beautiful Thames, and thirteen candidates received by the hand of Bro. Bradford the seal of discipleship, nine by immersion."

Providence Items.

The Preachers' Meeting met as usual Monday morning, Rev. M. J. Talbot in the chair. Fifteen minutes were given to reports from the pastors. The spiritual sky seems to be brightening over nearly all of our societies. The work upon the chapel of the Asbury Mission, and upon the new church at Central Falls is rapidly approaching completion, and both of the edifices are expected to be ready for dedication services in November. Rev. D. H. Ela read a discourse upon "Amusements," which awakened a lively discussion. We are having a *living text* for such discourses here in Providence at present. The Unitarian churches have started an association under the name of "The Union for Christian Work." They have secured the pleasant building upon the corner of Broad and Eddy Sts., formerly occupied by the 2d Universalist church, and have fitted it up in elegant style. They have a reading room, billiard room and tables, music and dance room, and tables for chess, cards, checkers, etc. These rooms, lighted and heated, are thrown open freely every day and evening to the young people of the city. The religious part of the programme consists in a course of Sabbath evening lectures in the theatre by distinguished and popular preachers. What the result of all this effort will be I am not prepared to say. I understand however that grave doubts of its expediency and usefulness are entertained by many of the older and responsible members of the Unitarian churches. They say it is the notion of the young progressive folks. I have heard one criticism upon the Association which is explicit, to say the least. One of the "rough customers" of the city told a church member, "They've got the—— institution up in Broad St. you ever heard of." No such association can prosper. It may have been organized with the best intentions, but it can never have the confidence of the best Christian people, or of the worst classes in community. It will be mainly patronized by those who do not need it, nor appreciate the kind-heartedness of its originators.

I must now dispel an allusion which has been dazzling your editorial vision for several weeks. Dear HERALD, "The Millennium" is not as near as you have been dreaming. Rhode Island Baptists do not yet see eye to eye with you upon the question of open communion. True, "the Warren Association," including one half of Providence city, refused to answer Rev. Mr. Malcom for open communion practices, and postponed for one year, resolutions reiterating the old genuine faith; but a week later, "the North Providence Association," including the other half of the city, righteously moved by the weak knee-ness of their neighbors, passed a series of resolutions by an overwhelming majority, reaffirming immersion to be the bright crown word of the Bible, of church history, of time and eternity. They declared that the fathers were right, that Rob't Hall was an innovator; that baptism is a scriptural prerequisite to the Lord's Supper that it was no time now to lower the standard of denominational truth and duty. Thus equivalents cancel each other. Providence equilibrates Providence.

We have just dedicated and opened to the public the Rhode Island Hospital, one of the most elegant and complete institutions of its kind in the country. An endowment fund is being raised by the sale of beds; \$4,000 secures a bed, "in perpetuo," to the donor. Churches, manufacturing companies and individuals are invited thus to help on a great public charity by endowing a full bed, to be occupied as they shall indicate.

Tent Meeting at Wilmot, N. H.

This meeting was a success. It was thought by those present that small meetings, in proportion to numbers, were more profitable than the larger camp meetings. Among the preachers and membership there seemed to be a harmony of feeling and effort.

The meeting began on Sunday, properly, by sermons from Rev. G. W. Carr, which showed talent and zeal. The following brethren succeeded him, beginning on Monday evening, viz.: B. W. Chase, G. W. H. Clark, I. Taggart, L. W. Prescott, G. W. Norris, who by request preached a second time, S. Quimby, T. W. Lewis, Presiding Elder of South Carolina, whose efforts added much to the interest of the meeting, C. U. Dunning, J. W. Adams, L. Howard, W. H. Stuart, D. C. Babcock, N. Culver, A. L. Kendall, S. E. Quimby and J. W. Guernsey.

A love feast occurred on Thursday morning, at which one hundred and seventeen spoke. The Congregationalist people united in the services of the occasion, and during the storm of Thursday threw open their house of worship for preaching.

The town of Wilmot is in a section of the State where Methodism has not flourished well; but it is hoped that this meeting may be the means of establishing our church on a firm basis there. Arrangements were made for a Preachers' Meeting there, commencing Monday, Nov. 2d, and negotiations are being made by which a camp meeting is to be established at the base of old Kearsarge, where those who are tired of camping in the sea may smell the pure mountain air.

There were several conversions and reclamations during the meeting, and such was the interest awakened that the spiritually enterprising pastor continued the meeting for another week in the form of a revival meeting. May the arm of the Lord be revealed in power, and many souls be brought into the fold of Christ as a result.

PERSONAL.

The following note was received from Gov. Wilmot, of New Brunswick, in reply to an invitation to attend the Convention:

FREDERICTON, Oct. 3, 1868.

Dear Brother:—Your esteemed favor of the 28th ult. came to hand to-day, and I most sincerely regret that it is not in my power to accept the very kind invitation to the Massachusetts State Convention of Methodists, to be held on the 13th inst. To participate in such a fellowship would be to me "a feast of fat things."

May the Master be with you, and the burning hearts of the brethren attest his presence.

Believe me, dear brother, very sincerely yours,
REV. G. HAVEN. J. WILMOT.

THE LECTURE SEASON has now fairly begun in Boston, and it has well begun. Mr. Punshon led the way magnificently; and Gough, Baecher, Phillips, and a host of scarcely less brilliant stars are to dazzle and charm us through the crisp nights of early winter. We are pleased to see some of our Societies and Lyceums have independence and wit enough to seize upon fresh hands and place them on the field. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were taken out; and though 'tis not every fish that may, like Peter's, bring tribute money in its mouth, yet the most unpromising oyster often contains the rarest pearl. We notice among the newer names that of Mr. C. H. Brainard, of Medford, Mass., whose "Life in Washington" created considerable sensation, and drew forth flattering comments from our critical and exacting journals last winter. We think his lecture on Whittier a more finished production, but it may not have all those vivid touches that make the "Life in Washington" the more popular of the two. Mr. Brainard has also made the acquaintance of the renowned and delightful Sally Gamp, that queen of nurses; and he shows her up in a way that might almost make Dickens himself envious.

Rev. G. R. Bent, of North Brookfield, sends three good words for three good men: "On the 17th of September Rev. J. O. Peck, of Worcester, delivered his very popular lecture to a most intelligent audience in the Town Hall. Subject: 'An Old Enemy Rampant.' Many said on leaving the hall, we have been paid for all our who's course ticket cost us. On the evening of October 1 we listened to an able lecture from Rev. F. T. Tower, of Meriden, Connecticut. Bro. T. is a most successful preacher, and will succeed well as a lecturer. His subject was 'Qualities that Win.' On the evening of October 8, the most eloquent lecture ever delivered in the hall was given by Rev. E. H. Hatfield, of Woonsocket, R. I. The audience were delighted with it."

Mr. Seymour's "friends" are proposing to change off him and Gen. Blair for Chase and Somebody. 'Tisn't best to swap horses while crossing the stream. The stream is too high and rapid to make it safe. The mounters and dismounters will both be in danger of drowning. As the Irishman remarked to the chick that peeped in the egg he was swallowing, "It is too late." No new chicken can be hatched from this egg. To put up Mr. Chase may give the party a future, but we fear its own cure is that which Dr. Holmes prescribed to Ward Beecher for hay fever—"gravel eight feet deep."

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

CEYLON.—The church at Batticott, Ceylon, consisting of native converts, has resolved spontaneously to support a pastor, and pays him a liberal salary with great punctuality—an excellent lesson to many American churches.

INDIA.—At Shahjehanpore, India, eighty-seven persons were baptized in one day, mostly by families, and of high caste. Numbers of others were expected to follow in this ordinance soon. The heathen are being saved—the Lord be praised.

BURMAH.—The Baptist mission in Burmah is enjoying great prosperity. One of its missionaries writes:

Now the churches are coming forth into the light again. Everything seems brightening, and God seems ready to pour out his Spirit upon us. Already, this year, three hundred have been baptized, and many more are applying.

GOOD NEWS FROM MADAGASCAR.—A correspondent of *The London Friend* writes from Madagascar:

Ramona, a kinswoman of the late queen, has been proclaimed sovereign. She has refused to follow the advice of the Sikidy or diviner, on account of the many false things they had said to her predecessor. The late queen had lost all confidence in them, before her death, and she asked those around her to pray to the true God. The new queen expresses herself in favor of the Christian religion; and although the government keeps at a distance from the missionaries, some of the young native Christians are frequently called on to preach the gospel to those within the palace.

The Prime Minister of the new queen, until recently a bigoted heathen, has become a diligent student of the Bible, and has religious services held daily in his house by the native preachers.

Since the restoration of the long lost religious liberty in Madagascar in 1861, the work of restoration has been carried on principally by the native Christians and their missionary friends, with the following general result as the present state of Christianity on that island:

90 churches, with 5255 members, and 463 candidates; with congregations of 13,000 persons, in a Christian community of about 20,000 individuals. There are 101 pastors in and out of the city, and the people have erected nearly a hundred simple chapels, during the last five years at their own cost.

AUSTRALIA.—The Moravian missionaries have penetrated seven hundred miles into the interior, among the aborigines. The natives here are a more vigorous race than those found further south, being tall and very savage. They are said to be fond of human flesh, and often kill their children for the sake of eating them. Their conduct towards the missionaries was at first very friendly. Towards the end of May, however, there was a sudden change in the demeanor of the savages, probably owing to the influence of other tribes. The lives of the brethren were seriously threatened, and the timely arrival of some police soldiers alone saved them from a horrible death.

TURKEY.—The infant churches in Turkey support themselves, and in spite of a poverty and taxation of which no American or European has any conception, their own missionary organization, called the Evangelical Union, has undertaken a work which our missionaries declare to be much greater in proportion to their strength than the American Board or any other American Society has ever undertaken. They selected six students and supported them in the seminary for a year, after which, five of the number were sent out into Kurdistan as missionaries, where they have labored with most encouraging success. Two others have since been sent out, making the number of missionaries seven. The Harpoot Station has ninety-four native helpers at work.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

Baptist Church.

BEVERLY, MASS.—The work on the new meeting-house of the First Baptist church, Beverly, is advancing quite rapidly, and as it develops its large proportions, it is becoming the most noticeable object in the place.—*Watchman.*

WOBURN, MASS.—There have been sixty-five baptisms since the coming of pastor Townley to the Baptist church two years since; twenty-five received by letter and experience.

In Randolph Church, Rev. B. I. Lane continues his labors under very encouraging promise of good. Every month since its constitution there has been an accession by baptism.

A young man, pastor of a Baptist church in Kenosha, Wisconsin, could not find any one in his town who dared to perform the necessary task of painting his church spire. Accordingly he raised a ladder to the top of the spire, tied a rope round it and round his body, then boldly swung off and painted the spire himself.

MISSOURI.—The Baptists of Missouri propose to raise \$250,000 to endow William Jewell College, and to put the college at once in a first class position. The union lately effected between the Northern and Southern wings of the denomination in the State, uniting the two religious papers and merging the Convention in the General Association, will greatly facilitate this enterprise. Rev. Dr. Rambaut, President of the College, is highly spoken of.

FREWILL BAPTISTS.—The Frewill Baptists commenced their annual Convention on the 7th, at Buffalo, N. Y.

VERMONT.—The revival in the Baptist church in Pittsford, Vt., has resulted, thus far, in the addition of thirty persons to its membership since the work began, one year ago. The church then numbered forty-nine.

CONNECTICUT.—The churches of the Hartford Association report 207 as the number received by baptism and by experience during the past year. Twenty-three persons have recently been added to the church in Chester, most of them by baptism.—*Era.*

Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which assembled on the 7th, at Trinity Church, N. Y., has been looked forward to as the most important session of that body which has convened for many years, from the fact that now for the first time since outbreak of the Rebellion all the dioceses of the United States are represented, and by reason of the many questions of difference between the "High" and "Low" evangelical parties which were expected to come up for discussion and adjustment. Consequently the interest felt in all pertaining to its deliberations was wide-spread, and was shown by a very large gathering in and around the church at the hour named for the opening services. The representation of Bishops, and clerical and lay delegates, was large. Bishop Lee, of Delaware, preached the sermon, the sentiment of

which may be taken as the key-note of the Convention. The following is a condensation of that part of the discourse which referred to the present errors creeping into the church:

The language of the Epistles tolerates no sacrificial mortal priesthood, and in no way could the inspired writers have more impressively conveyed the abolition of the propitiatory priesthood than by this silence. Neither, he argued, could this error be justified by an appeal to the Fathers. Such an assumption on the part of ministers was an invasion of the exclusive priesthood of the Lord Jesus Christ. The unhappy influences of this error had been shown wherever it was proclaimed. It served to make a sacerdotal caste, ignorant and carnal men loved to have it so, because it favored religion by proxy—the priest acting for the people, and his sacred office relieving them. Such a theory of the Christian ministry was not countenanced by the Protestant Episcopal Church, and no marvel that the word "Protestant" was an offense to such men, and that they attempted to disparage the men of the Reformation. The Bishop said he might apologize for taking so much time on points that a few years ago none would have thought of questioning; but lovers of the church of Christ contemplate with alarm and anxiety proceedings which in this day tended to undermine well-established principles. It was more than a mere empty ceremonial. These ritualistic ceremonies were urged for the sake of the doctrine that underlies them, as part of a system which we see full-blown elsewhere. As a third point the Bishop dwelt on the subject of Christian unity, and asked in what direction should the general desire for unity tend? Whether toward a church whose errors they had protested against and parted from, or toward Christians near at hand; bound to us with ties of lineage, customs and country; revering the same Bible, not only in sentiment but in letter; and believing the same great fundamental truths. If there was anything in the form of our formulas that formed a stumbling-block and barrier to these, which could be removed without compromising any essential doctrine, ought we not to make the concession?

This is pretty plain language to be used in Morgan Dix's church. The diocese of Nebraska was admitted on the 9th.

A new free Episcopal church, to cost about \$100,000, is building on the corner of Fifty-Fourth St. and Fourth Avenue, in New York.

Congregational Church.

The little church in Shirley Village, has, for years, received missionary aid in supporting its religious institutions. But under the faithful labors of the pastor, the people are now resolved to take his support into their own hands, and the church will leave the list of dependent ones.—*Congregationalist.*

The Franklin Street Congregational Society, at East Somerville, dedicated their new church edifice, September 30. The house is 100 feet by 68, and the audience room will accommodate 800 persons. The church is built of brick with freestone trimmings, and both within and without is one of the most beautiful church edifices in the vicinity of Boston. The entire cost is about \$43,000. This house takes the place of one that was burnt something more than a year since.—*Ibid.*

The Park Street Church, Boston, have voted with great unanimity to call Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of West Meriden, Ct. Mr. Murray is a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1862, and the people of his present charge are desirous of retaining his services, and have called him to their permanent pastorate.

Roman Catholic Church.

THE APPEAL TO ROME.—There is quite an imbroglio among the Roman Catholics of Chicago. Bishop Duggan, while lately at Rome, learned that some of the priests of the city had been sending complaints to the Holy City in reference to his management of the property of the diocese, amounting to \$3,000,000, and which is vested in him as sole trustee. On his return, the bishop summarily deposed Father Dunn, of St. Patrick's church, and Father Roles, of the church of the Holy Name. As these men had been especially instrumental in creating and wisely investing the large property of the diocese, and had the cordial support of their people, the bishop's arbitrary course excited an indignation among the usually submissive flock. An indignation meeting was held, and a committee of fifteen of the remonstrants—including aldermen, colonels, politicians, and merchants—have the matter in charge. A fund of \$3,000 has been subscribed to prosecute an appeal before the Holy Father in Rome. Alarmed at this opposition, the Bishop has now withdrawn his edict. It is refreshing to see some self-asserting spirit manifested; but even the most independent of the speakers said in the public meeting: "Let us bring him back, and I will be the first to place him in his parochial residence until we have time to hear from Rome that it is right he should be dismissed; then I will be the first to let him go."—*Independent.*

Seven young girls escaped from a Cincinnati convent last Sunday week.

The servant-girls of New York gave a few weeks ago about \$30,000 for the Pope's private pocket.

Chicago has seven Roman Catholic Temperance Societies, with a large membership, which are exerting a good influence among the Catholic population.

PRESBYTERIANISM AND CONGREGATIONALISM.—The following table gives the relative membership of the Old School, and New School Presbyterian, and the Congregational denominations in the more Northern States. New England is omitted, as there are scarce a dozen Presbyterian churches in those States connected with those two branches of the order; and the Southern States are omitted, as Presbyterianism there is not yet reconstructed, and Congregationalism is yet feeble.

States.	O. S.	N. S.	Cong.
New York,	28,547	73,681	21,132
New Jersey,	28,149	10,631	1,420
Pennsylvania,	72,567	20,232	4,140
Ohio,	38,226	15,227	13,896
Michigan,	691	11,030	9,000
Indiana,	13,628	8,391	829
Illinois,	18,219	13,518	16,529
Wisconsin,	3,269	1,808	10,863
Iowa,	9,323	3,106	7,863
Minnesota,	1,624	1,916	2,549
Kansas,	1,013	430	1,637
Pacific Coast,	1,834	1,323	2,544

It will be seen from this table that throughout the Northwest, with the exception of Michigan, the Old School are much stronger than the New School Presbyterians. The table hardly represents the Congregational strength fairly, as the figures are a year old, while those of the Presbyterians are just issued.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.—The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House, Astor Place, on Thursday, the 1st inst. Eight new auxiliaries were recognized; one in each of the States of Missouri, Kansas, Tennessee, and Alabama, two in Georgia, and two in Texas. Grants of books were made to the American Missionary Association; to the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church; to the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In funds, \$3,440 were appropriated for work abroad; for printing Arabic Scriptures in Beirut; for work in Italy; and for printing Micronesian Scriptures at Honolulu. Rev.

Dr. Martin, of Peking, made some interesting statements as to the history of the old MSS. sent by Hon. S. W. Williams.

A MANXMAN'S TROPHIES FROM ABYSSINIA.—Lieutenant Quayle, of the royal artillery, son of his honor the clerk of the rolls, has brought home with him some trophies from the Abyssinian expedition. They consist of a "praying stick," a rather singular looking instrument to European eyes. It is of polished wood, apparently cedar, and intended to fit on the chin of natives when engaged in their devotions. The second is a curiously wrought spearhead of brass, and evidently of ancient date. The third looks like an ancient sceptre, and is also of brass. Upon one side is carved a rude representation of the crucifixion, and on the reverse is that of the crowning with thorns. This is amongst the most singular of the Abyssinian trophies, and bears out the theory that at some time the Abyssinians must have been partially Christianized. The last of Lieutenant Quayle's trophies is a piece of the buckle of the belt of Theodore, taken off the body of the dead king by the young officer. It is of silver, and so thin as to be almost transparent.—*Manx Sun.*

The Protestant Church is gaining in Paris. The more intelligent working men have cut loose from the priesthood, and are wandering without a religious home. The various branches of the Protestants are zealously laboring to make such vital Christians. Among the congregations foremost in this work is that of M. de Pressensac. Through the efforts of this society several mission stations have been established, and we are informed, with the promise of success. Crowds of hearers have been gathered who listen with attention. This society, in union with others of a kindred faith, contemplate founding a Theological Seminary for the training of ministers and evangelists.

The Roman correspondent of the Independent Belge has created a new sensation in the Catholic world. He asserts that at the Ecumenical Council, which is to assemble next year, prelates of the Greek and Anglican Church will be invited to attend—not to vote or take part in the proceedings, (at least we gather that much from the *precis* of his letter, which has appeared in the English papers,) but to hear and learn what it is that keeps them sunder from the Catholic Church. To the above we can now add the following from the London Weekly Register: "A private letter from Rome confirms the statement made in the Monde, to the effect that schismatical but not heretical bishops will be invited to attend the General Council of the Catholic Church, which will assemble at the Vatican on the 8th December, 1869. Thus the prelates of the Greek Church will be asked to come, but not those of the Anglican denomination—no doubt, much to the disgust of our Ritualistic friends in England."

MURDER OF CHRISTIANS AT NAGASAKI.—The *Nagasaki Express* gives the following account of this murder: "The native Christians at Nagasaki have, it seems, at last been sentenced to suffer death, and a body of about 150 of them were, on the night of the 10th inst., hurried on board the steamer Sir Harry Parks to be taken out to sea and there drowned. Some 50 more, chiefly women, were to await another Japanese steamer, and suffer the same fate. As soon as they heard what was in contemplation, the foreign consuls jointly addressed a stirring remonstrance to the Governor, urging him to rescind such a cruel order, but the only reply they received was a recommendation to mind their own business. Another meeting of the consular body for the discussion of this matter, though too late to do anything toward effecting the safety of the doomed ones on board the Sir Harry Parks, was to be held on Saturday, the 11th of July. Surely the authorities of Christian nations will, by some means or other, be able to bring it within the scope of their duties to prevent such atrocities as these. The Jesuits, we believe, claim some 40,000 converts in Japan; if the slaughter has once commenced where will it end? Are the whole of these converts to be sacrificed to the fury of their heathen rulers?"

Objection has sometimes been made to the efforts of missionaries to establish schools among the heathen, as preparatory to civilization and the general introduction of the gospel. The wisdom of this course could hardly be more clearly vindicated than by facts that are transpiring in India. In Madras a literary society has been formed by the Native Christian young men, who have been educated in the schools of the missions, for the purpose of uniting all Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians, in plans for domestic, social and moral reforms, and to aid them in inquiries after truth respecting religion. They have a reading room, a library, and a course of lectures on literary, and secular, and religious subjects, which excite great attention. A course of lectures on the Evidence of Christianity, is spoken of as having attracted large audiences, the majority being intelligent Hindus, who came to hear because the ability of those employed to deliver these lectures was such as to command their respect. Nothing of this kind was known, or would have been possible, before the establishment of mission schools of high grade, and their influence will increase with the lapse of time.

Although the sale of ecclesiastical property in Italy, confiscated to the government, has brought a large amount of money into the treasury, it has been received in small installments, and the effect of the increased revenue has not been very apparent. The object of the sale, in lightening national burdens, does not appear to have been realized.

E. Burgess, of North Falmouth, has a lecture on "Where did Cain get his Wife?"

TO THE END AND BACK.

[In place of our usual "Social Meeting," we give the conclusion of this interesting article, continued from our last.]

INDIAN TROUBLES.

While we were at Rowling's Spring, dining on elk and onions, a telegram was received from Gen. Sherman, warning the people of the approach of these unwelcome visitors. At this announcement every man was feeling for his scalp and revolver. There was a good deal of a panic, and I thought that my friend, the doctor, was a little scared. It may have been caution on his part and recklessness on mine, but I confess I felt quite cool. On our return to Cheyenne we found that one poor fellow, all in sight of the town and the fort, had been shot and scalped in open day, and thirty-four mules and horses driven off only a few hours before our arrival.

To give an example of the energy displayed by the military authorities in bringing these murderers to justice, I will relate a few facts in this case: The owner of the stock hastened to the fort and reported the facts. The commander first telegraphs to Gen. Sherman, some forty miles away, for instruction in accordance with the inexorable law of "red tape." Gen. Sherman orders him to follow the Indians and capture them, and if they resist, shoot them (!) Three hours later, twenty-four men and a six mule supply team started out to capture the Indians, already twenty-five or thirty miles away, and where, no mortal white man could tell. This imposing military expedition moved on into the enemy's country, swept around for a few miles, and returned, and reported that they had discovered the trail. The Indians look upon these

efforts to punish them with perfect contempt; and Red Cloud, their chief leader, feels as secure as though there were not a soldier within a thousand miles of him. He has repeatedly said that with peace they had poverty, and with war they had plenty. To attempt to hunt them down, and exterminate them, is folly. Such is the perfection of their horsemanship, such their knowledge of the country, and such their capacity for endurance, that they can neither be captured nor conquered in the ordinary way; and for every Indian killed, twenty-five of our men will fall.

I am quite sure, from conversation with many intelligent, humane Christian men in these mountains and on these plains, that we of the East have but a very imperfect idea of these Indian troubles. The settlers have not ill-treated the savage, as is often represented. Indian agents and traders are admitted to be as villainous as possible; but, at the same time, the Government is as reprehensible for its inactivity as the agents are villainous, and the traders are devils incarnate.

RELIGIOUS PROSPECTS.

This is a hard soil for the gospel. The most important point at present is Cheyenne. Rev. Bro. Cather is on the ground, and is the right man in the right place. He is making efforts to secure the erection of a house of worship, and it is to be hoped that he will succeed.

At Laramie, a point of more than usual interest, in view of its healthy climate and good water, there is no church. We made the acquaintance of Mr. Orr, keeper of the Railroad House—and by the way, the best eating house west of Chicago—who seemed to be anxious that some minister should be sent there. He offered to give the free use of his dining hall, capable of accommodating from four to five hundred persons, for Sabbath preaching. Our church should be there at once.

Benton is a Sodum which will soon become a plain. Rowling's Spring will be a place of some importance on account of the abundant supply of water. At present it more nearly resembles pandemonium than any place we visited on the mountain.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

We bid adieu to scenes which one has no special desire to witness the second time, and turn our faces towards home—2,500 miles away. We reach Omaha Saturday morning, where we part, reluctantly, with our traveling companions—they hastening on to St. Louis, we remaining in Omaha over the Sabbath.

Sunday was a most unpleasant day—wet, muddy, Western. We heard Dr. Westwood in the forenoon deliver a ten minutes' talk to about twenty-five hearers. Not being well, we did not think it prudent to go out again during the day, though we had engaged to preach for the Dr. in the evening. Had a violent chill Sunday night, and was threatened with a fever; but through the great kindness of Bro. Frost and his good wife—God bless them!—we were saved; and after thirty-six hours' sickness, we were able, though quite weak, to resume our journey Tuesday noon.

At Chicago we were greatly strengthened by a sight of that indispensable New England fixture—James P. Magee, esq. We reached the *Hub* Saturday noon, thankful to God who had preserved us from all harm, in a journey of more than five thousand miles. W. M. D.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.
Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

Setting Trees. The time is near at hand when it will answer to set trees. We know that many good horticulturists object to setting fruit trees in the fall, but a lifelong experience fully justifies us in recommending the setting of pear and apple trees at this season of the year on soils that are not wet. We have had better success with large trees, bearing trees, fifteen or twenty feet high, set in the fall, than with those set in the spring. The earth seems to get well settled about them, and they are entirely ready to start on the approach of the warm days in April. The trees after the leaves have fallen are entirely at rest: while in the spring, before the ground is in a condition to be worked, the buds have swollen, at least, and the tree receives some check in the process of transplanting. What is true in relation to pear and apple trees, is equally true of deciduous ornamental trees generally, though there are some exceptions. Elms, maples, bass, and other trees can safely be set in the fall. Evergreens, according to our experience, should never be set in the fall, for the chances are they will be injured by the succeeding winter. We shall never again set any of these trees at this season of the year, nor cherry, peach or plum trees, because of the danger of winter killing. We know there is a great difference of opinion in regard to transplanting, and we expect some of our readers may differ from us. If so, we hope they will give their reasons for the faith that is in them.

Pruning Grape Vines. Just as soon as the frost has taken the leaves from the vines, they may be pruned and prepared to be laid down for the winter. It is very desirable to have all the tender sorts protected in some way, and we know of no better way than by covering them with earth, as raspberries are covered. It is better to prune rather closely after the vine has once covered the space it is to occupy. We cut back to a single eye, generally, and never allow more than two eyes to remain on each lateral. If the vines are young and weak, they should be cut back severely until they have made root, and are prepared to throw vigorous shoots. This work may be performed with a pruning-knife, or better with scissors made for the purpose.

Leaves. The frosts and winds of October are busy scattering down the leaves from the numerous trees of the forest, leaving them ready to be gathered by the farmer that he may add to the fertility of his soil. No one who can secure a quantity of this valuable material should fail to do so, for it will amply repay for all the trouble. Many use leaves for bedding their cattle, and when wet they go down into the manure heap and find their way over the field: that stand in need of just

such fertilizing matter. Every farmer should see to it that nothing is lost that will add to the fertility of his soil. Good liberal dressing is the only profitable system that can be pursued. If a farmer cannot make money by a free use of manure and good care of his farm, then he cannot at all. When one is located near some city or large town, it may be more profitable to cart manure and sell off the products; but further back in the country this plan cannot be pursued, and stock must be kept to furnish the required dressing for the farm, and money obtained from a different crop. Every person can secure leaves and muck, and thus get up a respectable compost heap that will add in the course of years very much to the productiveness of the farm.

Keeping Potatoes. It is perhaps needless for us to caution our readers against leaving their potatoes exposed to the light either out doors or in the cellar. They will, if so exposed, soon turn green, become soggy, and almost unfit for use. They should, if possible, be kept in a dark, cool place, away from all danger of frost in winter. We think potatoes used to keep better in times gone by, in the old dark cellars, than now, in the modern cellars, with their numerous windows. Some are in the habit of keeping their potatoes in pits in the ground, dug deep enough to be safe from the frosts. This may keep them well, but is a troublesome plan. We have known them to be kept in the very best condition in barrels, and covered with sand.

Beginner. I understand that gas lime makes a good dressing, and wish for some information as to its application, and any other facts connected with its use as a fertilizer.

We have never used gas lime, but are informed by one who has used it extensively for several years, that if it is to be applied as a top-dressing on grass, it is better to mix it with an equal quantity of muck or loam, and let it remain several months before using it. It is better to apply it in the fall. Sixty bushels to the acre is about the quantity used, though much more may be used with care. It will prove valuable on any soil that is deficient in lime, and we see no reason why it might not be valuable to apply to fields to be sown to wheat and other grains. It would restore a worn-out pasture, especially if the land lacked lime. If any of our readers have had any experience with this substance, will they please communicate the results of their experiments for the benefit of their neighbors?

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

MR. GEO. R. MARSTON died Aug. 14, aged 62 years. He was converted under the labors of Rev. Charles Baker, and joined the Chestnut Street M. E. Church thirty-five years ago. When Congress Street Church was formed he identified himself with that society, and remained till his death one of its most efficient and worthy members. His piety was characterized by a glowing zeal, an inflexible purpose, and a living faith. He was warmly interested in all questions of moral reform, and gave largely of his means for benevolent purposes. The high esteem in which he was held by the community was indicated by the vast attendance at his funeral at the church, Sabbath morning, Aug. 16.

A. W. POTTEK.

Portland, Sept. 1, 1868.

MRS. JULIETTE C. KEYES, wife of Charles W. Keyes, of the United States Army, and daughter of the Rev. Isaac Lord, of the Maine Conference, died in Washington, D. C., July 25.

Sister Keyes found Christ precious to her soul early in life, and soon after joined the M. E. Church. In her every day life were blended earnestness, cheerfulness, benevolence and consistency. In all the relations of life she fully sustained her Christian character and fidelity to God. She was a kind and affectionate wife, a good neighbor and friend. Truly she could say, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Thus she lived and thus she passed to her reward.

Livermore Falls. B. H. KIMBALL.

WILLIS WILDER died in Groton, June 20, 1868. This was an instance of early consecration to Christ. He lived to the advanced age of 63 years, discharging faithfully throughout as a Christian man his duties in the household, in society and in the church. Out of all these living witnesses are to-day standing up to call him blessed.

S. F. JONES.

Lowell, September 23.

MRS. LYDIA (HOWARD) PALMER, wife of Rev. Anthony Palmer, of the Providence Conference, died to earth, Aug. 27, at Baltic, Ct., aged 56 years.

When about 15 years of age she was led to Christ by a sermon from Rev. I. M. Bidwell, whose stars uncounted, are yearly rising in heaven before him. During a period of over forty years she has maintained a noble example of devotion to God, whose glory has seemed to reign supreme in her joys and ambitions. Beloved as wife, devoted as mother, earnest as Christian, and prayerful as friend, her life has treasures not only for earth but heaven; as well for God and the church, as herself. Her protracted sufferings were endured without murmuring, yet as a sheep she stood by the gate until the good Shepherd opened the fold of unending rest.

EDGAR F. CLARK.

HENRY A. WALKER died in Leominster, Aug. 14, aged 39 years.

Bro. Walker was converted to God under the ministry of Rev. J. C. Ingalls, at the early age of 16 years, and united with the M. E. Church in this place, of which he remained a worthy and consistent member until death. In the various relations of christianity, class leader and steward, he has served the church faithfully and well for a number of years, the last of which offices he filled when he died. In affliction and suffering he was patient and resigned, and though death came suddenly and unexpectedly to his family at the time, nevertheless it found him ripe for the heavenly garner. Peacefully, without a groan he fell asleep in Jesus with the prayer upon his lips, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

Leominster, Sept. 15. C. L. MCCURDY.

MR. HARRISON PORTER died in Lancaster, N. H., Sept. 10, of consumption, aged 56 years.

Mr. Porter was formerly of Lyman, N. H., where he had spent the most of his life beloved and honored by all who knew him, possessing in an eminent degree all those sterling qualities which constitute true manhood. Bro. Porter for eighteen years of his life was identified with those who love and serve our Lord; and his life was that of an earnest, self-denying, consistent Christian, and an efficient laborer in the church of his choice. In his last sickness, in reply to a question relative to his spiritual condition, he replied that he knew on whom he had believed. Not a word of murmuring was ever heard to escape his lips; and when death came to his release he gently sunk to quiet rest in his Redeemer's arms. Another testimony to the blessedness of feeling that at the hour of death

we may have firm hold of the hand of Jesus our Redeemer, and thus in the triumphs of a living faith may pass the narrow stream and enjoy eternal life in heaven.

Y. D. CHANDLER.

JOHN SMITH TITUS died in Lyman, N. H., June 13, aged 87 years and 7 months.

Bro. Titus was born in Landaff, N. H., Nov. 8, 1780. He was the father of twelve children, six living, all professing Christians. Father Titus was converted at the first camp meeting in this vicinity, at the age of 21. Father Broadhead was the Presiding Elder. The fathers found a resting-place at his house, Thos. Skeel, Caleb Dartin, Daniel Young, and many others. The hope of the gospel was his staff in life, and a sure support in sickness and death.

TRUMAN CARTER.

MR. JAMES B. TURNER died in Winchester, N. H., July 9, 1867, aged 76 years.

MILLY TURNER, widow of James B. Turner, died in Winchester, N. H., July 31, 1867.

Thus passed away two of our oldest and most reliable members. Bro. Turner endured five years of constant pain and suffering, through which Sister Turner was graciously sustained in perfect health, to watch over him both day and night with unremitting care and self-sacrifice. She closed the eyes sealed in death, and followed the loved remains to the family burying-ground, returned to the desolate house, and lay down on her bed never to leave it till "they came to bear her away to her burial."

Brother and Sister Turner had been members of the M. E. Church in this place for about thirty-six years, having united with the church about the year 1832. He continuously and acceptably filled the offices of class leader, steward and trustee, till relieved at his request during his sickness.

A. C. HARDY.

MRS. EVELINE HAMMOND, wife of Abel Hammond, esq., of Winchester, N. H., died in Hydeville, Vt., September 13, aged 64 years.

She was visiting at her sisters' in Hydeville, Vt., when she was attacked with pneumonia a few hours after her arrival, and went swiftly down to the grave. Not able to leave a "deathbed testimony," she has left a better in a Christian profession, which she adorned with "a godly walk and conversation." Sister Hammond's Christian life was of the quiet, unobtrusive kind, filling its measure with "little deeds of kindness," seeking not to be "seen and known of others."

A. C. HARDY.

MRS. PHEBE EATON died in Winchester, N. H., August, 1868, aged about 90 years.

Sister Eaton was called to pass through much suffering during her very long life, having been called to part with her husband, all her children, and all the hard earnings of an industrious life, and be dependent upon the charity of the public for care, and to a stranger's hand to close her dying eyes. Although she suffered much bodily pain, her soul was at perfect rest in Jesus.

A. C. HARDY.

THE SECULAR WORLD.

ELECTIONS IN PENNSYLVANIA, INDIANA AND OHIO.—The elections in these three States on the 13th, resulted in a most decided majority for the Republicans. Trouble was feared in Philadelphia; but owing to the effectiveness of the police, the immense mobs of rowdies that assembled to assist their favorite party in the way that party most admires, were kept at bay, and only a shot or two were fired, and a head or two broken. Philadelphia on the city ticket has gone Democratic; but Harrisburg, for the first time, elected a Republican Mayor.

A mob of rowdies, at Baltimore, entered the cars of the through train from Washington to Philadelphia, yesterday, and maltreated the Republican passengers outrageously. Though the assault was brutal, and entirely unprovoked, no arrests were made.

Nebraska reports a majority of 2000 for the Republicans, and her legislature is largely Republican.

The effect of the elections of Tuesday on doubtful voters in Washington is most salutary, as they are coming off the fence to the Grant side in large numbers.

Thanksgiving Day—November 26th.

A captain of a coasting vessel reports while off Coos Bay, Oregon, he encountered smoke so dense that it obstructed his progress. One day about three hundred birds fell dead on the deck of his vessel. The people at Coos Bay and vicinity could not account for the smoke.

A Fort Hays (Kansas) letter states that five columns of troops, mostly cavalry, will soon move against the Indians in different directions, covering in their operations the territory between Smoky Hill and Republican Forks on the north, and the Cimarron and Canadian Rivers on the south. General Custer has been restored to rank and command.

The news from Spain continues to be of such a nature as ought to rejoice every true Liberal and Protestant heart. The order of Jesuits, whose hands are red with the blood of the martyrs, which might

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red,

has been abolished, and their property seized. Truly, this day is the scripture fulfilled, "A nation shall be born in a day."

Mr. Gladstone has opened his campaign in Lancashire, England, by a speech belaboring the Tories' financial and church policy. The London Times discusses the topic of repudiation in the United States. A meeting was held in London last evening for the relief of the sufferers by the recent earthquakes in South America, and nearly £7000 was raised.

CHARLOTTE.—The *Liberte* says it has received sad details respecting the Empress Charlotte. The unhappy princess has had a relapse, and she is again entirely paralyzed by the fear of being poisoned. She flies from everybody. For whole days she remains sitting in a corner of her room without motion; but when any one approaches her she has a paroxysm; she runs away eagerly to save herself, and calls with a loud voice for help. Not only her mental, but her bodily condition is seriously changed, and gives rise to grave apprehensions.

The Bishop of Tarragona, backed by two thousand men, has declared war against the Spanish Junta.

The Italian prime minister is in France on a special mission concerning Rome, it is said.

Gobazza has been crowned Emperor of Abyssinia.

A civil war in northern Afghanistan has just been ended.

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Oct 8

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Oct 22

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